REPOSITORY

OF

Arts, Literature, Commerce,

Manufactures, FASHIONS and Politics.

2884

VOL. XI.

This WORK

Already honoured by H's Approbation

Is most Humbly Dedicated by Permission

To His Royal Highness

THE Prince Regent:

BY HIS GRATEFUL AND OBEDIENT SERVANT,

R. ACKERMANN.

Girtin sc. 330 Oxford Str.

factures, Fashions, and F

For JANUARY, 1814.

VOL. XI.

The Sixty-first Number.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

OZART . . . . . .
PANTHEON . . . . .
RMANN'S TRANSPARENCY OF DEATH AND
AND CHAIR . . . . .
ADE DRESS . . . . .
G DRESS . . . . .
NEEDLE-WORK.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

Arts, by *Juninus* 1
oir of Mozart,
poser 8
lgar Error re-
. 15
nents and Anec-
n Maynard—
—Rustic Court-
ple—Machiavel
nciation—Swift
—The Science
. 17
. 19
tor 20
Scriblerus . . 26
n, or the Heroic
Lady, by *Otto*
. 27
y, Scientific, &c. 34

Walzes, Nos. I. a
Rose de Meaux
for the Harp—K
lang syne"—Hob
ry Serenade—K
of Music in Ve
Sonata for the Pi
The Pantheon . .
Retrospect of Polit
the Battle of Lei
of the Rhine—I
terranean—North
Holland—France
Death and Bonapar
Fashionable Furnitu
Agricultural Report
Fashions for Ladies
Poetry . . . .
London Markets .

TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We earnestly solicit communications (post paid) from the professors of the arts in general, as well as authors, respecting works which they may have in hand. We conceive that the evident advantage which must accrue to both from the more extensive publicity that will be given to their productions through the medium of the Repository, *needs only to be mentioned, to induce them to favour us with such information, which shall always meet with the most prompt attention.*

The Hints of Sophronicus *appear better suited to the columns of a newspaper, than to the pages of the Repository.*

Jack's Answer to a Broken Heart, J. M. Lacey's Tribute of Respect, Amator's Stanzas, R. B.'s Lines, *and those of* F. C. S. *are received, but owing to the pressure of other matter, we are obliged to defer the favours of many of our poetical correspondents.*

From the specimen of the proposed Letters sent by J. H. R. *we cannot encourage him to prosecute his plan, as it is impossible to pledge ourselves for their insertion in the Repository.*

The want of novelty in the Patterns of Manufactures, has obliged us to suspend our practice of giving them in every Number of our Publication. They will, in future, be introduced only when any new articles worthy of the notice of our readers, may happen to be brought forward.

The Proprietor begs leave to remind such of his Readers as have imperfect sets of the Repository, of the necessity of an early application for the deficiencies, in order to prevent disappointment. Those who chuse to return their Numbers to the Publisher, may have them exchanged for Volumes in a variety of bindings, at the rate of 5s. per Volume.

For JANUARY, 1814.

The Sixty-first Number.

———The suffrage of the wise,
The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd
By sense alone, and dignity of mind.

...RSATIONS ON THE ARTS.—By...

(*Continued from vol. X. p. 318.*)

...hat is that which
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...rement from the
...ng?
...an account of the
...vid Garrick, the
... in 1776.
...pose you read it?
...s K.

...S FAREWELL TO
...TAGE.

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that kindness and those favours were enjoyed.—(Here for a moment he was unable to proceed until relieved by a flood of tears.)—Whatever may be the changes of my future life, the deep impression I have of your kindness will always remain *here* (putting his hand to his breast), fixed and unalterable. I will very readily agree to my successors having more skill and ability for their stations than I have, but I defy them all to take more sincere and uninterrupted pains for your favour, or to be more truly sensible of it than is your most obedient and grateful humble servant. Here he retired amidst the mingled tears and acclamations of the most brilliant audience that ever was assembled.

Miss *Eve.* How long did Garrick live after this?

Miss *K.* Something more than two years and a half. He died at his house, No. 5, Adelphi Terrace, Jan. 20, 1779. His widow, Eva Maria Garrick, whom he left immensely rich, still resides in the same house when in town. Mr. Garrick disposed of his half share of the patent of Drury-lane Theatre for 35,000*l.* to Mr. Lindsay, the musical composer, and two other gentlemen, jointly with Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

Miss *Eve.* Will you mention John Banks's dates?

Miss K. John Banks, the dramatic writer, was bred a lawyer, and was a member of the society of New Inn; but his genius led him to make several attempts in dramatic poetry, in which he had various success. Even when he met with the greatest encouragement, he was very sensible of his error in quitting the profitable practice of the law to pursue the entertainments of the stage; but he was fired with a thirst of fame, which reconciled to his mind the many uneasy sensations to which the precarious success of his plays and the indigence of his profession naturally exposed him. Mr. Banks no doubt accomplished one part of his design by commencing poet—that of being remembered after death, which Pope calls, "the poor estate of wits;" for this gentleman h[illegible] here a place among the poets, wh[illegible] nine-tenths of the lawyers of h[illegible] time now sleep with their fore[illegible] thers in oblivion, and nothing more is known of them than that the[y] lived and they died.

Banks's genius was entirely di[illegible] rected to tragedy. His languag[e] is certainly unpoetical, and [his] numbers unharmonious, but h[e] seems not to have been ignorant o[f] the dramatic art; for in all hi[s] plays he has very forcibly rouse[d] the passions, kept the scene bus[y] and never suffered the characte[rs] to languish. He wrote *The Riv[al] Kings, or the Loves of Oroondat[es] and Statira*, acted 1677; *The De[struction of Troy]*, 1679; *Virtue Be[trayed; Anne Bullen]*, 1682; *Th[e] Earl of Essex, or the Unhappy Fa[vourite]*, 1682; *The Island Queen[s; or] The Death of Mary Queen of Sco[ts]*, afterwards called *The Albi[on] Queens; The Innocent Usurper, [or] the Death of Lady Jane Grey*, 169[illegible] and *Cyrus the Great*, taken fro[m] Scudery's Romance.

Miss *Eve.* I think several oth[er] writers have chosen for their su[b]ject the story of the Earl of Esse[x] whose fate is said to have caus[ed] the death of Queen Elizabet[h]

Don't you think Elizabeth was somewhat too old to die for love of a young man when she was almost 70 years of age?

Miss K. Some women are capable of a sincere affection at a very advanced age: when their bodies are 70, their minds are but as at 17.

Miss *Eve*. This is also poetical licence — the poetical ideal — it heightens the interest of the play.

Miss *K*. Since Banks's tragedy of *The Earl of Essex*, there have been three written, not only on that subject, but on this very plan, as that was as universally approved as the sentiment and diction were condemned. The last three were by Ralph Jones and Brooke; but more tears have flowed from the eyes of the tender and humane at the exhibition of Banks's *Essex*, than from any of the others. His *Island Queens* was rejected; but Queen Anne, in 1706, commanded it to be acted, when it met with success, and has often been revived with applause, for it is a very moving tragedy. Mrs. Rowe's *Death of Lady Jane Grey* is superior to Banks's. His *Cyrus the Great* was at first rejected, but afterwards brought out and acted with great success. I believe it is not known when Banks died. He seems to have possessed considerable abilities. His characteristic fault as an actor was, aiming at the sublime, which seldom failed to degenerate into bombast. Fire he had, but not judgment to manage it: he was negligent in his poetry; he has not sufficiently marked and distinguished his characters, but was happy in the choice of his fables, and he found out a way of drawing tears which many a superior poet has tried in vain.

Miss *Eve*. You told me a love story of the royal family of France, Louis XIV. and the widow Scarron. Can you tell me another?

Miss *K*. Recline on that couch, my dear Miss Eve, and I will tell you a love story of Philip Duke of Anjou, second son to the Dauphin of France, and grandson to Louis XIV. when he went to take possession of the throne of Spain.

Miss *Eve*. I think he was born in 1683?

Miss *K*. Yes; and in 1701, in his 19th year, he was made King of Spain. On the 31st of December in that year, he arrived at Bourdeaux, and, while eating in public, the people were permitted to go into the hall where he was. There was, consequently, a great concourse, some entering as the others were going out. The dessert being brought in, a Gascon girl approached the king's table. She was about 18 years of age, well grown, of a majestic, lively countenance, very neatly dressed, and, besides this, had something charming in her air, which distinguished her from all the rest of her sex who were about the young monarch's table. The king, without any farther ceremony, took a dish of sweetmeats and turned them into her apron. She received his majesty's present with surprising modesty, but could not forbear blushing, which increased her charms, and caused her to be admired by all the spectators. The young king smiled upon her, and signified, by many tender glances, the impression she had made upon his heart.

As the fair virgin could not without confusion bear these glances, she thought proper to retire. His majesty, as she withdrew, whispered to one of his pages, ordering him to learn her name and abode. The repast being over, the king retired to his closet and wrote a note, which he gave to his page to carry to the female who had become the object of his sudden passion. It was conceived in these terms:—"Love reigns in the hearts of kings as well as in those of their subjects. She knows no power superior to her own, and the greatest monarchs in the world glory in their submission to her empire. You may think it strange, my dear, that I am affected with the charms of your person. I beg of you one hour's interview, that I may convince you of the success of my affection."

The king, when he delivered this billet to the page, gave him at the same time a rich diamond, with orders to present it in his name to the young female. The trusty page punctually executed his majesty's commands. The fair Gascon read the king's tender billet, and accepted his present. As she was of a sprightly genius, a quality natural to the people of that country, she answered the king's declaration, in a note which she gave to the page, in these terms:—

"*Sir*,—I do assure you, that if love reigns over the hearts of kings, so it does over those of the meanest of their subjects. Virtue, constancy, and fidelity reign also among women of mean birth, as well as among queens. I return your majesty my hearty thanks for the tender love you have conceived for me, and yet more for the declaration that you have made in the billet you have been pleased to take the trouble of writing to me. Perhaps, great prince, if I had been descended from the blood of queens and sovereign princesses, you would not have noticed me. As I have never sacrificed my fidelity to a lover, to whom I have promised marriage, I beg your majesty to dispense with an interview, which cannot but be fatal to my virtue. Nevertheless, sir, I will keep your diamond as a precious token of the love which it has pleased so great a monarch to honour me with, at a time when I cannot answer him but with sighs and regrets."

The page, returning to the king with this answer, met the Duke de Beauvilliers upon the stairs, who asked him where he had been, and what he had in his hand. The page, confused at the questions of the duke, to whom all the court paid as much deference as to the king himself, ingenuously confessed the whole of the secret intrigue, and delivered to him the pretty Gascon's letter. The duke having read it, was very angry with the page for executing such a commission, went immediately to the king's chamber, and gave him the billet himself; at the same time explaining to his majesty the ill consequences which such adventures might draw upon a prince who was advanced to the throne, where wisdom ought to reign as well as the king.

Miss *Eve.* Do you know any particulars of John Crowne, the dramatic writer?

Miss *K.* He was the son of an Independent minister, and was born at Nova Scotia, North America. It is

said, that when he first arrived in England, his necessities were so urgent, that he was obliged to accept the situation of gentleman-usher to an old, independent lady.

Miss *Eve.* What kind of situation was that?

Miss *K.* Indeed I don't know. He wrote seventeen plays, among which are, the First Part of *Henry* VI. *of England, with the Murder of Henry Duke of Gloucester,* acted 1681; the Second Part of *Henry* VI. or *the Miseries of Civil War; Charles* VIII. *King of France,* or *the Invasion of Naples,* in heroic verse; *The Destruction of Jerusalem by Titus Vespasian,* in two parts, acted 1677, addressed to the Duchess of Portsmouth. These pieces met with extravagant applause, which is said to have excited the envy of Lord Rochester so much, that, on this account, he became an enemy to its author, whom he had before very much befriended.

Miss *Eve.* I can repeat some lines in the last-mentioned play, supposed to be spoken by an angel descending over the altar, and prophesying the fall of Jerusalem.

Stay, stay your flight, fond men, Heav'n does despise
All your vain incense, prayer, and sacrifice;
Now is arriv'd Jerusalem's fatal hour,
When she and sacrifice must be no more.
Long against Heaven hadst thou, rebellious town,
The public trumpets of defiance blown,
Didst open wars against thy Lord maintain,
And all his messengers of peace hast slain;
And now the hour of his revenge is come,
Thy works are finish'd, and thy slumb'ring doom,
Which long has lain in the divine decree,
Is now arous'd from his dull lethargy.
His armies rais'd, and his commission seal'd,
His order's given and cannot be repeal'd;
And now thy people, temple, altars, all,
Must in one total dissolution fall.
Heav'n will in sad procession walk the round,
And level all thy buildings with the ground;
And from the soil, enrich'd with human blood,
Shall grass spring up where palaces have stood,
Where beasts shall feed, and a revenge obtain
For all the thousands at thy altars slain;
And this once blessed house, where angels came
To bathe their airy wings in holy flame,
Like a swift vision, or a flash of light,
All wrapt in fire, shall vanish in thy sight;
And, thrown aside among the common store,
Sink down in Time's abyss, and rise no more.

Miss *K.* The Jews do not believe, that they shall rise no more?

Miss *Eve.* No; they believe in general, that our nation will be restored, though it is now above 1700 years since the last destruction of the Jewish nation.

Miss *K.* Some Jews assert, that we have not a correct translation of the Bible in English: what say you?

Miss *Eve.* It is only the illiterate Jews that maintain this: I understand Hebrew better than English; the letter is in some places different in the original, but the spirit or sense is the same in both.

Miss *K.* Which is the best translation, the German, Dutch, or English?

Miss *Eve.* I understand the German and Dutch languages also: the English is by far the best translation.—But we were talking of John Crowne, the dramatic writer.

Miss *K.* Besides his seventeen plays, he wrote *Pandion and Amphigenia,* or *the Coy Lady of Thessalia,* enriched with engravings, 1665; also *The Deaneid,* or the Labours of the great Dean of Nôtre Dame in Paris, for erecting in his choir a throne for his glory, and the eclipsing the pride of an imperious usurping character; an heroic poem in

four cantos, 1692. This is a burlesque poem, and chiefly taken from Boileau's *Lutrin.* Mr. Crowne was patronized by King Charles II. and becoming tired with the fatigue of writing, and shocked with the uncertainty of theatrical success, he requested the king to give him some office; but Charles, who loved comedy above all other amusements except one, which was more expensive and less innocent, said, that he should be provided for, but that he would first see another of his comedies. Mr. Crowne endeavoured to excuse himself, by telling the king, that he plotted slowly and aukwardly; his Majesty replied, that he would help him to a plot, and put into his hand the Spanish comedy *Non Poder Esser.* Crowne, thus stimulated, worked with uncommon success. The play was now ready to appear; every one who had seen it rehearsed, was highly pleased with it, and Crowne was delighted with the flattering hope of being made comfortable for the remainder of his life, by the performance of the king's promise. But on the last day of the rehearsal, he met Underhill coming from the playhouse as he himself was going towards it, on which the poet reprimanded the player for neglecting so important a part as he had in the comedy, and on a day of so much consequence as the very last day of the rehearsal. "Oh!" replied Underhill, "we are all undone."—"How!" cried Crowne, "is the playhouse on fire?" —"The whole nation," replied the player, "will quickly be so; for the king is dead." The author, on hearing this dismal news, was driven almost distracted; for he, who, the moment before, was ravished with the thought of the pleasure he was about to give the king, and the favours he was afterwards to receive from him, now found, to his unspeakable sorrow, that his royal patron was gone for ever, and with him all his hopes. Coxeter says, that Crowne was alive in 1703, but as he was then very old, it is probable that he did not live long afterwards.

Miss *Eve.* I have a tragedy by Crowne which I read last week, entitled *Regulus.* The design of this play is noble; the example of Regulus being the most celebrated for honour and constancy of any of the Romans.

Miss *K.* There is a play with the same title by Havard, the comedian, a few years ago of the Theatre Royal Drury-lane.

Miss *Eve.* I think I will attempt a painting from this subject—The Return of Regulus to Carthage. Has any artist of this country succeeded in this attempt?

Miss *K.* An early production by West is the best painting that has been produced in this country from that excellent subject.

Miss *Eve.* Is it true, as Barry observes in his book on painting, that we should beware of short cuts, that is, beware of expecting to improve much in the arts, without a great deal of application? He says—

Painful and slow to noble arts we rise,
And long, long labours wait the glorious prize.

Miss *K.* This is not always true. Vandyke, Parmegiano, Paul Potter, and many others might easily be mentioned, who were excellent painters when they were little boys. These chanced to receive good in-

struction. An artist may be many years investigating a capital rule in painting, which, when found, he may, if he pleases, communicate in five minutes. Many of the first rules may be taught, as the painter is said to have been taught, at the first glance, when he viewed the paintings of Michael Angelo Buonarotti in the Pope's chapel; where he, in a few moments, conceived ideal perfection, that raised him at once from the poverty of common nature.

Miss *Eve.* For the future I shall not be content merely with selection, but always endeavour to pursue the poetical ideal—every thing perfect in its kind.

Miss *K.* Yes, and always try, as was the constant practice of Raphael and the greatest masters, to catch nature in the fact, as it is termed; that is, copy the expression from nature, when she is unconscious of observation and peculiarly interesting. The harmony of lines, the airs of heads, the beautiful turns in the limbs, and a thousand such-like things may be copied from the best masters. This is best done in the night, that is, late at night, when we are quite secure by ourselves, and unseen, otherwise we shall be talked of for this, and be called plagiarists.

Miss *Eve.* I understand you—when the thieves are abroad on the look-out, to be slily at home on the look-out: but there is this difference, that artists are subject only to the Spartan law. The other also is unpunished, if he is not detected.

Miss *K.* Art is selection, and is perfect when completely pursued through every department. Nineteen out of twenty of the artists are not even in the path that leads to excellence. Many despairing of being great, labour hard to be little; they are copyists in a very confined sense of the word; but many of them know not this.

Miss *Eve.* Who was Edward Moore?

Miss *K.* He was bred a linen-draper, and married Miss Hamilton, whose mother held the situation of table-decker to the Princesses at St. James's. He wrote *The Foundling*, a comedy, acted eleven successive nights in 1747. The part of Faddle was by Russel, a celebrated singer of that time, who was afterwards arrested for debt, and died in the Fleet prison. Moore also wrote *Gil Blas*, C. 1750; *The Gamester*, T. 1753; also Poems, Fables, Songs, &c.

Miss *Eve.* Do you know any other particulars of Russel?

Miss *K.* He was much admired for his agreeable manner of imitating the opera singers. He was handsome and elegant in his person, of consummate assurance, and caressed for some years by several leading ladies of quality; and yet, so capricious is the fate of these darlings of their day, that he was thrown into the Fleet prison, in the prime of life, for a debt not exceeding £40, which affected him so much as to drive him out of his mind, and he died there in a few months.

Mr. Moore has by no means met with the success which his plays have merited: his plots are interesting, his characters are well drawn, his sentiments delicate, and his language poetical and pleasing; and

what crowns all, and more forcibly claims public notice for his writings, is, that the greatest purity pervades the whole, the obvious tendency of every piece being the promotion of morality and virtue.

Here is part of a song addressed by Miss Hamilton, afterwards Mrs. Moore, to Miss Duck, daughter of Stephen Duck, the poet:—

Would you think it, my Duck? for the fault I must own,
Your Jenny at last is quite covetous grown:
The millions if fortune should lavishly pour,
I still should be wretched if I had not MORE.

You will wonder, my girl, who this dear-one can be,
Whose merit can boast such a conquest of me;
But you shan't know his name, though I told you before,
It begins with an M—I dare not say MORE.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF MOZART, THE GERMAN COMPOSER.

IN presenting the readers of the *Repository* with the following biographical memoir of Mozart, the universal celebrity of his name and of his immortal works, supersedes the necessity of any prefatory justification of our undertaking. The particulars of his life, we are confident, must be welcome to every lover of harmony; and even to the few who may not be prompted to peruse our labour from musical partiality, the recital of a most extraordinary precocity of mental faculties cannot fail to appear interesting in a philosophical point of view. It is the history of a human being, who, at every stage of his short existence, exhibited the attainment usual to an age of precisely double the amount of years, and whose *life, therefore,* we had almost said—extended to twice its apparent duration.

If our task impart to the reader but a small portion of the gratification which we ourselves derived in beginning this offering to the memory of a man whom we adore, we shall be amply paid for the diligence with which we have gleaned our materials from a variety of authentic sources, partly of German publication, partly of faithful oral testimony, and partly of personal observation. With such a mass of information at our command, the most arduous part of our labour arose from the obligation of brevity, which the limits of the *Repository* impose upon us. This difficulty of selection, and necessity of compression, will, we hope, plead our excuse for any eventual omission of importance in our narrative. For all other imperfections, we have no refuge but the indulgence of our readers.

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART was born at Salzburg, in Germany, on the 27th January, 1756. His father, Leopold Mozart, known to the musical world by a valuable work of instruction for the violin, was not only a skilful player on that instrument, but in every respect a thorough-bred musician; familiar with the theory of the science as well as with its practice on many different instruments. His talents and his amiable character soon procured him the honourable appointment of second Master of the Prince's Chapel, then containing

a combination of talents of the first order.

Of several children of Leopold's, two only, Mary-Ann and our Wolfgang, attained to an age of maturity. Both evinced in their earliest infancy such extraordinary talents for music, as to induce the parent to give up all his scholars, and every other employment except that of his official situation, in order to devote all his time to the instruction of his children. Mary-Ann, as the eldest, was taken first in hand at the age of seven years. Although Wolfgang then was but an infant of three years, he gave unerring indications of his musical genius. Whenever the harpsichord was vacant, little Wolfgang would divert himself for whole hours in grappling with his little fingers for the thirds and fifths of every key, and express the liveliest joy, when, by his spontaneous efforts, he had hit upon a combination of sounds, which his musical soul taught him to be a concord. These hints of nature were not neglected by the discerning and tender father: short musical pieces, such as minuets, songs, &c. were forthwith attempted to be imparted to the infant mind and fingers; and, to the parent's surprise, the child caught and executed the melody with such expression, that, instead of a newly acquired task, it seemed rather the reminiscence or resuscitation of former abilities.

The progress of such a pupil may, or rather cannot, easily be imagined. He soon, by unwearied and spontaneous application, mastered the mechanical difficulties of the instrument: the father beheld with the sweetest astonishment the giant strides of his pupil, whose genius anticipated and outstripped all common instruction. Music became now the boy's greatest delight, and all children's play was treated by him with absolute indifference, so much so, that it was frequently necessary to part Wolfgang from his instrument. No wonder that at the age of six he was considered a first-rate performer, and that he was capable of inventing small musical pieces, which his attentive father had to put to paper for the infant composer.

In 1762, old Mozart took his son and daughter to Munich, and shortly afterwards to Vienna; at both of which capitals Wolfgang surprised the respective sovereigns by his transcendent abilities. Francis I. would often converse with him familiarly, call him the little conjurer, make him play a concerto on a *covered* key-board, or propose to him to perform with *one* finger only; all which demands Wolfgang executed to his great astonishment.

In Vienna, one of his admirers had presented Mozart at his departure with a small violin. When the family had returned to Salzburg, a Mr. Wenzl submitted to the father six trios, which he had composed in their absence. In order to try the composition, it was proposed to execute the trios forthwith; old Mozart played the bass on the tenor, Wenzl the first violin, and a Mr. Schachtner, who happened to be present, the second. Little Wolfgang entreated permission to play the second violin; but the father, reprimanding him for his presumption, bade him be gone. The boy left the room with his little fiddle, crying bitterly. Mr.

Schachtner, who stood very high in Wolfgang's affection, called him back, and requested the father to allow the boy to play the second *with* him.—"Well," said old Mozart, "you may play along with Mr. S. but mind! so low that nobody hears you, or else you shall be sent away."—The trio *(a quattro)* began; Schachtner soon perceived, that Wolfgang's play rendered his own quite superfluous, put down his violin, and looked at the father, whose eyes were already moistened with tears of a parent's delight. In this manner the whole of the six trios were played by the self-taught violinist.

Mozart's acute perception of musical interval at that tender age, is illustrated by another anecdote. His friend Schachtner possessed a violin which was a great favourite of Mozart's, and which, on account of its soft tone, he used to call the "Butter-violin."—That the butter-violin was resorted to at every musical visit at Mr. S.'s, is natural; but one day when Schachtner found Mozart preluding upon his own little-instrument, the latter enquired after the butter-violin; and, after a pause, exclaimed—"What a pity, Mr. Schachtner, you don't keep your violin at the same pitch! The last time I played upon it, it was a quarter tone lower than my own here." The by-standers smiled at the little virtuoso's prattle; but the father, from experience suspecting his son to be right, sent for the butter-violin, and, to every one's surprise, the instrument was, on comparison, found precisely a quarter tone lower than the little fiddle.

The same astonishing faculty, perhaps, of discerning the difference of quantity in musical sound, may account for Mozart's expertness in figures. While thus almost exclusively trained up to harmony, his general education was not neglected, and Mozart made respectable advances in other branches of elementary instruction. Of these, however, arithmetic soon became a favourite study, which he pursued zealously to problems of the higher order; and his skill in the science of numbers enabled him to solve readily the most difficult numerical questions.

Young Mozart's fame abroad increased with his talents; musicians came from all parts of Germany to Salzburg, in order to witness a phenomenon in the annals of art. Encouraged by these flattering testimonials, and confident of his son's unrivalled excellence, the father determined to set out on a great tour with his two children. The principal cities of Germany, accordingly, were first visited during the year 1763; and in November, the family arrived in Paris, where they sojourned almost six months. During their stay, Wolfgang, then about seven, played the organ in the Royal Chapel at Versailles before the king; they gave two public *academies* with the greatest applause at Paris; and it was here that the first fruits of Mozart's septennial genius appeared in print. They consisted of sonatas for the piano-forte, dedicated partly to Madame Victoire (the king's second daughter), and partly to the Countess Tessa.

From France, the Mozart family passed over to England, in April, 1764, and performed before the

king the same month. Here they gave two great concerts, one for their own benefit and the other for that of the Lying-in Hospital. In both, all the symphonies were of the son's composition (then eight years old). Subsequently, the Mozarts once more performed before the royal family and the nobility; and, in a private audience, Wolfgang delighted the king by devising, *extempore*, a beautiful melody to a bass laid before him. Six sonatas for the piano-forte, which he wrote at that time, were published in London, and dedicated to the Queen.

On his return home, by the way of Brabant, Holland, Paris, Lyons, Switzerland, and Swabia, Mozart composed several more symphonies, variations, and songs; indeed such was his zealous love of his art, that even bodily illness did not interrupt his unwearied activity. In Holland (1765) the small-pox attacked him with great violence; yet, amidst all the sufferings of this dreadful disorder; the darling of the Muses found means to continue his offerings to the Pierian sisters. A desk was contrived across the boy's bed, on which his little fingers, covered with the eruptive poison, traced the effusions of his immortal soul.

In 1766, after three years absence, the Mozart family returned to Salzburg, and the repose of almost the whole succeeding twelvemonth was employed in the study of the higher branches of harmony. Next to the excellent instruction of an intelligent father, the works of Emanuel Bach, of Hasse, of Handel, and of the earlier and more profound Italian masters, were young Mozart's guides.

In 1768, Mozart, then twelve years old, astonished the Emperor Joseph with his performance, and received from him the honourable commission to compose an opera buffa, entitled *La Finta Semplice*. This, his first essay in dramatic composition, earned the decided approbation of the great composer, Hasse, and of the celebrated poet Metastasio, but was not performed on the stage.

Few, if any, votaries of the fine arts have arrived at first-rate eminence, without visiting the soil in which the arts, after withering away in the chilling blasts of the tramontane barbarism of the middle ages, rebudded as it were from the parent trunk. Italy, the finishing school of every profession where taste takes the lead, was at once to admire our musical prodigy, and to send him back to his native country, adorned with every grace which she could instil, and which the genius of the youth was so susceptible of imbibing.

The mother country of harmony received her offspring with admiration, forgot her national prejudice and contempt against every thing Transalpine, and fostered him with the tenderness of a parent. In Milan, where Mozart arrived in the beginning of 1770, he was not only treated with the greatest distinction, but charged to compose the opera *Mithridate*, against the carnival of 1771. In Bologna he delighted the great contrapuntist Martini, by casting, extempore, any given theme into the complicated texture of a fugue. The same sensation his talents excited at Florence, both in public and before the Marquis of Ligneville,

a celebrated and deeply learned amateur.

At Rome our traveller arrived with the holy week, a period when every church in that capital resounds with the solemn strains of master-pieces in church music, when, in the Sixtine chapel, the annual performance of the celebrated *Miserere* of *Allegri* depicts the sufferings of the Redeemer, in strains capable of rending the heart of the Christian, nay, of converting the unbeliever. This composition, the acmé of sublime and sacred music, one of the highest efforts of human art, is the exclusive property of the church, and is never heard at any other time, nor in any other place; for excommunication follows the musician who dares to take a copy.

Mozart heard the *Miserere* on Wednesday, retained in his memory not only the melody, but the whole harmony, the progress of every voice, the responses, imitations, in short, the mechanic construction of the whole, went home to commit all to paper, and, at the usual second and last performance of the same composition, on the Friday succeeding, supplied or corrected every thing that had escaped him at the first. This unprecedented effort of musical penetration, when it came to be known, caused the greatest sensation in Rome, and at once defined the lad's exalted rank in the musical world.

That he was a welcome guest to the musical, the gay inhabitants of Naples, may well be imagined. Unaccustomed to hear such execution on the piano-forte, many of his Neapolitan auditors seriously ascribed the youth's extraordinary powers to magic. He never played without a particular ring on one of his fingers: surely it must be the ring which contains the talisman! Our readers will scarcely believe us, when we inform them, that Mozart was actually, and in good earnest, requested to play for once without the magic ring. He complied instantly, but the magic of his play was not lessened. What sport for priestcraft in such a population!!

On his return through Rome, Pius VI. the unfortunate martyr of French revolutionary madness, conferred on him the honour of knighthood of the Golden Spur; and in Bologna, he was unanimously elected a member of the Philharmonic Academy, after having, in half an hour, composed a fugue in four parts, in a *locked-up apartment*; a severe trial, no doubt, which, fortunately for many a Mus. B. and Mus. D. Oxon, has not been deemed compatible with British liberality.

On the 6th Dec. 1770, Mozart brought his *Mithridate* on the Milanese stage; it was performed with the greatest applause twenty successive times, and procured him a further engagement for composing the opera *Lucio Sulla* against the carnival, 1773, which, in like manner, was acted uninterruptedly for twenty-six nights.

After a stay of sixteen months, Mozart returned to Salzburg, his native city, regretted by a nation from whom he brought an immense treasure of knowledge, an inexhaustible fund of new ideas, and a taste refined into truly classic elegance.

The limits of this historical sketch

will not permit our tracing the adventures and the numerous works of Mozart in chronological order. Although Salzburg was his principal residence from 1771 till 1781, he, in that period, undertook frequent professional trips to Munich, Vienna, and once even to Paris; where, however, he staid but a short time, principally from his decided dislike of the French taste in music. Into this period falls an immense number of his earlier works, such as sonatas, serenatas, symphonies, and one opera, *La finta Giardiniera;* few of which, however, although all in the style of a master, have contributed towards immortalizing his name. It is from his twentieth year that his works breathe the full developement of a genius of the first order; and the serenata, *Il Re Pastore*, forms, as it were, the transition from his scholastic, to his classic productions; inasmuch as that serenata exhibits the earliest touches of the divine spark which burst forth into the brightest flame in his subsequent labours. With the opera *Idomeneo Re di Creta*, he seems to have taken firm footing in the realms of sublime composition. Many able judges have pronounced this opera, the most perfect and finished dramatic composition extant; it is, unquestionably, *one* of Mozart's master-pieces. It was composed at Munich, for the theatre in that city; and perhaps we may account for its excellence, by the circle of men of the first merit, and of the most amiable, social virtues, who strewed flowers and incense before every step Mozart took in that capital. Nay, the omnipotent divinity, LOVE, had a hand in the excellence of this opera. Mozart was then paying his addresses to Miss Constantia Weber, sister of the celebrated female singer, Mad. Lang, and herself a vocal performer of no mean abilities. That so soft a passion of itself is capable of unbending the inmost recesses of the human soul, and of causing it to vibrate sympathetically into harmony, requires not our proof. Moreover, it was by a master-piece, like *Idomeneo*, that Mozart had proposed to himself to gain the hand of his Constantia from her unwilling parents, who had invariably urged the want of a settled provision to support a wife, as the only reason of their aversion to the match. When the musical father heard *Idomeneo*, and saw the rapturous applause of the audience, he is reported to have embraced the author:—"Take Constantia," said he, "the composer of *Idomeneo* carries a fortune with him wherever he goes!"

In the same year (his 25th) he removed to Vienna, where he finally established his residence, and where, some occasional journies excepted, he sojourned during the remainder of his life. His abode at Vienna unquestionably had a most favourable influence on his compositions. That capital is not only the center whither, from all parts of Europe, and of Germany in particular, the most celebrated musicians are constantly repairing; but the bent of its inhabitants, of even the common class, is totally musical: and no city in the world possesses a population of more refined musical taste. There the Graces in harmony have fixed their abode, and it is from their hands Mozart has

drawn those inimitable melodies of tenderness and elegance, which render his compositions as dear to the common ear as to the adept.* At Vienna, Mozart became the intimate friend of Gluck and Haydn; and the influence of his connection with those two great luminaries in harmony is perceptible throughout his works.

Not long after Mozart's arrival, the enlightened emperor, Joseph II. conceived the patriotic resolution of rendering the German opera equal to the Italian, and, if possible, of replacing the latter by the former. The first-rate German vocal performers were collected, and the talents of Mozart were to be instrumental in this undertaking. The opera which he composed for that purpose, *Die Entführung aus dem Serail (l'Enlevement du Serail)*, 1782, merits to be more generally known in England than it is. We praise it sufficiently by stating, that its applause from the *Vienna* public was the foundation of Mozart's celebrity. The emperor, on the night of its first representation, said to the author, "Too fine for our ears, and vast abundance of notes, dear Mozart!"—"Just as many as are necessary, your majesty," was Mozart's reply.

When some years afterwards, Mozart came to Berlin; and on his alighting in the evening at an inn in that city, saw, by a play-bill in the coffee-room, that this opera was to be performed on that very night, he forthwith proceeded to the theatre, *incognito*, and took his seat in the pit. Through a mistake of the copyist's, the second violins had in their part a natural instead of a sharp, in the first aria of the second act, and played accordingly:—"Take F sharp, for God's sake!" exclaimed the indignant composer, with all his might. This attracted the attention of his neighbour, who, vexed at being disturbed in the musical treat he was listening to, desired Mozart to hold his tongue, and not find fault with such first-rate musicians.—"They may be what you please, sir," replied Mozart, "but it stands F sharp, and the second fiddles are continually playing F."—"How knew he that?"—"I ought to know something about it, I myself have written the opera; my name is Mozart."

Among the astonishing number of classic instrumental works which now rapidly followed each other from his assiduous pen, we will only notice his six violin quartetts, dedicated to Haydn (1785). Their unique excellence leaves every thing of the kind, before or since composed, at an immeasurable distance. Haydn himself declared, with his usual modesty, that those quartetts were a work of genius not to be surpassed; and to Mozart's father, then still living, he expressed himself in the following words:—"I tell you, dear sir, before God, and as an honest man, that I look upon your son as the greatest composer I have ever heard of. He combines taste with the most intimate knowledge of the science of composition." As a further confirmation of the great Haydn's opinion of Mozart's talents, we shall translate a letter which the former wrote, in 1782, to a friend of his at Prague, who had requested the transmission of an opera of his composition for the theatre in that city.

"You are desirous to have one of my opera buffa's; with all my heart, if your wish is to have a vocal composition of mine *to yourself*. But if it is intended to be brought upon the stage at Prague, you must excuse me. All my operas are written and calculated for the sphere of our establishment here" (the Prince of Esterhazy's chapel); "and, any where else, would fail in producing the effect I aimed at in their composition. The case would stand otherwise, were I fortunate enough to have to compose quite a new work for your theatre. But even then, the undertaking would be bold and venturesome on my side, since the great Mozart can scarcely be matched by any other. If it were in my power to impress upon every lover of music, and especially upon our great men, a proper sense of the inimitable works of Mozart; if I could make them feel their beauties with the same ardour of conviction with which I comprehend and feel them, all nations would rival each other to have such a jewel among them. Prague ought to lay hold of the dear man, and also to recompense him; for, without due reward, the history of great geniuses becomes a sad picture, little calculated to encourage further exertions. Hence, alas! the woeful circumstance of so many great and hopeful minds bending down in obscurity under every kind of pressure. I am vexed and angry with the world, not yet to see this great, this incomparable Mozart engaged by some imperial or royal court. Pardon my digression, I love the man too much....."

The veneration of these two great men was reciprocal. One day, when a composition of Haydn's was performed in the presence of Mozart, a presumptuous would-be professor criticised a certain passage, observing to the latter, "I should not have done this so."—"I *believe* you," replied Mozart, very coolly. The critic suspecting the sneer, asked what Mozart meant.—"I mean, sir, that neither you nor I are able to do it *so*," was Mozart's explanation.

(To be continued.)

CORRECTION OF A VULGAR ERROR RESPECTING POETS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

MY intention, in this letter, is to offer some remarks on the mistaken notion which the world, generally speaking, forms of a certain race of men known by the title and qualifications of Poets. In some respects they may be said to live *out* of the world, yet they are not so far removed from the regions of mortality, as to be utterly neglected by the inhabitants of this planet, and left to feed their bodies upon the resources of their minds, however fertile in imagination or fruitful in expedient. My present object, therefore, is to rescue this order of men from the *jaws of famine*, by pointing out the impossibility of their living here without some *substantial* assistance; and hence insinuating the propriety,

that those who reap either instruction or pleasure from their works, should contribute something to invigorate the Muse by regaling the poet. This indeed is but justice. They write to please the world; and to the real poet, I do believe, in that assurance rests his principal happiness. But this humane and generous world (as it should seem by the lives of many of the greatest poets both ancient and modern), with much shrewdness, imagines, that the sensations of vanity universally ascribed to poets, arising, I apprehend, from the consciousness of their genius, will amply furnish them with all the necessaries of life. They are immortal; and it is impossible, they reason, but that they cannot only feed upon, but make a glorious feast off these large supplies of *ether* which Heaven, in kindness, sends down upon the wings of that blessed angel of frigidity, *a cold north-east wind*. Their creative fancy can "turn them to shapes," and, by a happy versatility of talent, use them for a dinner, a bed, or a house, as occasion may require.

This is a very ingenious way of reasoning, if we consider the relative situation of the party making use of it; but if it be examined as it regards the poets, we shall, I think, discover that it savours more of *airy* sophistry than *substantial* logic. Were it possible to have reduced this theory to practice, the world would in all probability, ere now, have been ended, and this planet involved in its primeval chaotic darkness. That glorious luminary, the sun, which has been attacked at all points "from the rising to the going down thereof," must long ago have fallen a prey to the voracious appetites of the poets, from the days of Homer, who alone would have carved a large slice from the reluctant sides of devoted Phœbus. Poor Cynthia would have had the burthen of so many lovers' sighs and oaths, bombastic sonnets, and dark-complexioned elegies, that her light would not only have been obscured and her strength diminished, but she would have been wasted away by their insatiate poetical fervour, and distributed by their hungry admiration into the philosophy of atoms. Nor would the remaining planets and the stars have shared a better fate: they would all have been long since devoured; and, as the mastication of so many solid bodies would have been *dry works* without the introduction of water (as rivers and streams of water by varying tend greatly to the improvement of the landscape), rills, rivulets, rivers, seas—nay, even the clouds themselves, would have been drunk up by the undistinguishing and unextinguishable thirst of the poets.

We find, however, Mr. Editor, that none of the poets, either ancient or modern, could accomplish this most desirable object; and not being cameleons, as might naturally be expected, it was the death of them. Even Horace, who has handed down to posterity an admirable set of rules in his *Art of Poetry*, has never even so much as hinted the practicability of this more than Herculean labour. He tells us,

> "Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem."

But in no place has he in the most distant manner insinuated, that he

could extract meat, drink, or clothing either from fire or smoke: and I would ask, to what possible utility light could be applied without these substantial visitants to the "inward light?" Such a transformation of known usages was even beyond the power of the metamorphosing Muse of Ovid, who, it must be allowed, was a very ingenious poet in this respect. He says,

"In nova fert animus imitatas dicere formas
Corpora."

But I believe the learned will bear me out in saying, that he never professed to possess the power of changing air into good and wholesome food, nor of calling down the sun and planets to make a meal off. Nay, it was not once thought of by any individual of the numerous projectors in the Academy of Lagado. When Gulliver visited these redoubted philosophers, there was a man who had been eight years in the attempt to extract sun-beams out of cucumbers, and this without effect; though he hoped in eight years more to be able to supply the governor's garden with sunshine at a reasonable rate: but it never entered into his speculative brain, to get cucumbers out of sun-beams. This truly would have been a secret worth knowing; a practical joke, which, I have a notion, would give great delight to a hungry poet, or a lean-visaged, starving philosopher.

But all this, Mr. Editor, being wrapt up in the impenetrable mantle of utter impossibility, I have to request that you will, in compassion for this no inconsiderable portion of his Majesty's subjects, insert this statement in your *Repository*. I only wish it had fallen to an abler pen to detail their deplorable case; but if this plain, unvarnished story can but touch the chords of pity, and extract the milk of human kindness from the breasts of any of your readers, the labour will not be in vain which has been bestowed upon it by, sir, your very obedient servant,

HUMANITAS.

MISCELLANEOUS FRAGMENTS AND ANECDOTES.

SIR JOHN MAYNARD.

WHEN Sir John Maynard, an eminent English lawyer, waited upon the Prince of Orange, the new monarch after the abdication of James II. with an address, and William having observed to him, that, from his age, he must have outlived most of the judges and eminent lawyers of his standing; Sir John replied, "And I should have outlived the law too, had it not been for the arrival of your Majesty."

CAUSES OF INSANITY.

Dr. Pinel says, that, when he examined the register of the Bicêtre, its descriptions of madmen were as follow: — A great many monks and priests, as also a considerable number of country people, who had been driven beside themselves by horrid pictures of futurity; several artists, as sculptors, painters, and musicians; some versifiers, in ecstasies with their own productions; a pretty considerable number of advocates and

attornies: but there does not appear the name of a single person accustomed to the habitual exercise of his intellectual faculties; not *one naturalist* or *natural philosopher of ability*, no *chemist* nor *geometrician.*

Out of 265 patients in Bethlehem Hospital, 205 were found to be swarthy, with dark or black hair: the remaining 60 were of fair skin, with light brown or red hair. The principal causes of their madness were, gusts of violent anger, protracted indulgence of grief, terror impressed by erroneous views of religion, the degradation of pride, sudden fright, and disappointment in love.

RUSTIC COURTSHIP.

At a rustic merry-making, Roger was seated facing Patty; enamoured of her beauty, and stung by the arrows of the little god, he only vented his passion in sly looks, and now and then touching Patty's toe with his foot under the table. Patty, either fearful that the purity of her hose might be soiled, or determined to make the youth express a passion which he appeared so warmly to feel, at length exclaimed with spirit, "If you love me, why, tell me so; but don't dirty my stockings!"

JOHN KEMBLE.

It is related by Cooke, the late performer, that Kemble and himself played a scene belonging to the 3d act in the 2d. "I," says he, "was frightened out of my wits. 'We're wrong,' said I.—'Go on,' said he; and we went through it. When we came off, I exclaimed, 'Do you know what we have done? we have play‿d a scene of the 3d act!'—'I know it,' says John very coolly.—'And what shall we do in the 3d act?'—'Play the 2d:' and so we did. But the best of the joke was, that the papers never found us out."

It is said, Mr. Kemble had once a way of writing several letters at a time, sealing them, and afterwards directing them, which produced some games of cross purposes. Cooke received a letter from him, telling him, "He wondered at his impudence in applying to him after a discharge:" and it is supposed some poor devil received a hearty invitation to join his company and share half his profit. His landlady once received a letter from him, ordering her to get ready to play Clytus; and the performer another, directing him to be sure and have his sheets well aired.

MACHIAVEL.

Mr. Edgeworth very properly compares Machiavel's work with Swift's *Advice to Servants.* But why did Machiavel choose this style? Because he was aware, that a prince incapable of discerning the irony would be disposed to spurn at serious advice, and rather act diametrically opposite to it, than follow it. Hence he hoped to benefit both those who had sense enough to perceive his meaning, and profit by it; and those who, believing him serious, would for this reason go contrary to his precepts.

ENGLISH PRONUNCIATION.

The English mode of pronunciation was probably that of the ancient Greeks and Romans. Dionysius Halicarnassensis, *de Compositione Verborum*, §xi. speaks of the rhythm of verse differing from the

proper measure of the syllables, and often reversing it. Does not this imply, that the ancients read verse as we do? not as in Metronariston? Music, too, he said, altered the length of syllables.

The Greeks and Copts now use our *th*. This is the modern pronunciation of the *theta* among the Greeks, not as in the rest of Europe.—See Knight *on the Greek Alphabet*, 4to. 1791, p. 13, Dallaway's *Constantinople on the Pronunciation of Greek*.

SWIFT AND LORD ORRERY.

Sheridan, in his introduction to the Life of Swift, ascribes the manner in which Lord Orrery "treats the memory of his *friend* Swift" partly to the malevolence of his nature, but chiefly to his wish of acquiring literary reputation. That fame was the object of this author in composing his work, I have no doubt; but I am inclined to think, there was another motive lurking in his lordship's mind, the operation of which he would not have avowed, though its influence was far from inconsiderable. In a letter from Lord Orrery, dated the 3d of April, 1737, is the following passage:—"You shall certainly have the cheeses. If you will come to Somersetshire, I will eat one for joy. The best in England are made in my manor." On this there is the following note in Nichols's edition of Swift's Works:—"The Earl of Orrery hated cheese to such a degree, that he could scarcely bear the sight of it." Now in Swift's *Political Conversation*, Works, vol. viii.-xix. p. $\frac{351}{438}$, I observe the following speech by Lord Smart:—"An odd kind of fellow dined with me the other day; and when the cheese came upon the table, he pretended to faint; so somebody said, 'Pray, take away the cheese.'—'No,' said I, 'pray take away the fool.'" If John Earl of Orrery were not the fellow here meant, which I think he most probably was, as the cap certainly fitted him, he might feel a soreness at this passage, that he could neither forget nor forgive.

THE SCIENCE OF TRUTH.

"Nicolaus Damascenus says, that the Persians teach truth to their children as a science."—Ensor *on Education*.——To teach truth as a science implies an absurdity on the very face of it. The fact, I have no doubt was, they were taught, that they must by no means lie; and therefore, as truth is not to be spoken at all times, that they must learn the *science* of concealing the truth without telling a direct falsehood: in other words, the art of evasion was taught them systematically. The connection of this education with the manners and morals of the highly polished Persians, both as a cause and an effect, might form a subject of curious and valuable enquiry.

ON COMMERCE.

No. XXXVIII.

To give your fair readers some idea of the beauties of the island of Johanna, we shall present them with a short extract from the account of an excursion made into the interior by Mr. Grose. He says, "We set out very early in the morning, with a design of penetrat-

ing about six miles into the country, before the sun should incommode us; and it was no common undertaking, considering the mountainous surface we had to pass. We had taken our fowling-pieces, in the hope of killing game, if we could attain the summit of the mountains, whither they retire; but, notwithstanding our utmost efforts to climb up them on our hands and knees, we found it impossible, and were obliged to content ourselves with the small birds that we found in the vallies, and on the hills whose ascent we had accomplished. We breakfasted on pine-apples, and the milk of cocoa-nuts served to assuage our thirst. Towards noon we arrived at a fine lake, on whose banks we sat down to make another repast, and to enjoy the natural cascades which fell from the rocks, and by blending their several noises from their respective distances, produced a soft and agreeable kind of water music. The orange and lemon-trees, bending beneath the weight of their fruit, dispersed a fragrance that embalmed the air. There were also wild pines, which bore a fruit of thirteen inches circumference, and of a more excellent flavour than those which I have since eaten in India: our guides also pointed out to us a great number of guava-trees, and also a tree whose fruit resembled our damsons, which left an agreeable flavour on the palate several minutes after it was eaten: they all grow without regularity or order, and receive no advantage from cultivation; some cover the tops of the mountains, others shade the waterfalls, or thicken in the vallies; the whole forming a terrestrial paradise, in comparison with which the finest gardens of France, with their statues and canals, their parterres and their fountains, exhibit but a poor and meagre scenery. We quitted with regret this charming spot, after having admired its beauties, and, what still added more to our pleasure, having had nothing to fear either from wild beasts or poisonous animals."

This island produces several other kinds of fruits besides those already mentioned, amongst which there is a remarkable kind of sweet orange; it is about the size of a common lemon, but of a much more delicious taste than those which grow in Portugal. The principal domestic animals are, neat cattle, sheep, and hogs; the former are of a moderate size, and, like those in the East Indies, have large excrescences on their backs; their flesh is very sweet, and the excrescence, when well salted, eats like marrow; the natives prefer it to the tongue.

MERCATOR & CO.

THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

No. XXXIV.

———Veniunt a Dote sagittæ.——JUV. *Sat.* vi. 138.

'Tis Delia's fortune that discovers
In her fond train such troops of lovers.

I HAVE a very great favour to request of my correspondents, particularly the ladies, to do me the justice to believe that I am a friend to human nature, and have no other interest in offering my lucubrations, but the wish to do good, and the satisfaction which results from the

experience, that my object is sometimes attained. I write against the practice of flattery in others, and I really feel something like a sense of injury, when I am the object of it myself. I have not less than three letters now upon my table, which are so interlarded with adulatory expressions, that I should be ashamed to publish them. Indeed, were I to do it, my readers, I fear, would have good reason to laugh at my vanity, instead of receiving instruction from my experience. There is something very inconsistent in this mode of treating me. I am considered by those who make application to me, as grave in my character, retired in my mode of life, well acquainted with the world, and deeply read in the volume of the human heart; and yet I am frequently supposed to be open to the grossest flattery, and not seldom addressed in the most absurd and far-fetched language of eulogium; and all this by those very persons who require my counsels in matters of real and serious importance; who, while they, by their serious applications, suppose me possessed of superior judgment and understanding, treat me as if all my supposed wisdom was tinctured with the folly of being pleased with flattery. I love courtesy and decorum; I have ever been accustomed to them; I consider them among the first of the minor virtues, and, if I know myself, I shall never cease to practise them. I desire no more of others, and I hope, in future, that my correspondents will never exceed the bounds of them.

These observations have been occasioned by a letter, part of which I shall present to my readers, as I feel myself obliged to suppress all the introductory page, which, though written with some degree of elegance, is too fulsome to be acceptable to any man of sense, or, indeed, to any woman who is not a professed coquette, or violently in love with some artful fellow who thinks her a fool.—But to my subject.

Fortune-hunting is a common practice, on which I do not pretend to suggest any new ideas; but I firmly believe, that I now have it in my power to display a very novel mode of carrying on this trade; at least a similar arrangement to get possession of young ladies' fortunes never appeared in the extensive range of my experience.—But Belinda's letter will best disclose it.

An Inn on the Road.

Mr. *Spectator*,

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I am the daughter of a commercial man of the most respectable character; and though a premature death, for he died before he attained his fortieth year, prevented him from acquiring that opulence which was growing upon him, he nevertheless left my sisters and myself very handsome fortunes. As I was the youngest by several years, the accumulation of mine, previous to my coming of age, had rendered me an object of attraction to those who consider money as superior to every other qualification in a bride. My person, also, as I have reason to believe, is not without its recommendations, and my natural turn is to a proper proportion of intellectual pursuits. I

am not, therefore, without those qualifications which are generally thought to add elegance, and even the more solid attractions to the female character. But here comes the source of the mischief. My father thought proper to leave the fortunes of his daughters in such a way, that if either of them died without being married, her portion was to go to those who had married. Now it so happened, that both my sisters had entered into the hymeneal state; the one had married an attorney in great practice, and the other had accompanied to the altar an underwriter, in high credit at Lloyd's Coffee-House: and these persons are my fortune-hunters; for I have no doubt that they are acting in concert, to prevent my marrying; and as my constitution is thought to be rather delicate, they probably think the speculation a promising one, if they can, for a few years, keep me out of the clutches of a husband. I think, Mr. Spectator, you will be of the same opinion, when you have read the following account of the conduct of my brothers-in-law towards me. At least, I should wish to enjoy the advantage of your sentiments respecting it, and your counsel as to the best method of extricating myself from my present mortifying situation.

I pass my time alternately with these relations, and as far as kind treatment goes, I have every reason to be satisfied. I mean as to the personal civilities and attention due to so near a relation, though I pay a very tolerable price for them; of this, however, I do not complain: but it is the uniform practice of them both, if the form of a lover appears at the house of the one, to transfer me to that of the other, by some extraordinary manœuvre. Thus I am moved backwards and forwards, as their fears suggest the necessity of the measure; and secret means are employed, as I have reason to believe, to prevent any gentleman of whom they entertain a jealousy, from continuing a visitor at their houses. The underwriter may probably insure my life, and open a policy upon my marriage; or if any young man should happen to pay me what he feels an alarming attention, and very trifling attentions indeed alarm both himself and his colleague, he would not hesitate to hint that my affections are engaged: but here his plans and contrivances end; and, in every other respect, he is truly careful of me and kind to me, and renders my abode beneath his roof, except the uncertainty of it, extremely agreeable: but I cannot, I think, say quite so much for my brother-in-law, *Latitat;* for it really appears to me, that if the fell serjeant, Death, had a writ against me, he would facilitate the execution of it.

This may be considered by you, Mr. Spectator, as a rash assertion; but I will just mention to you a few circumstances, among many others, on which I found this serious opinion. I once begged the favour of this good brother to purchase me a horse, as a favourite pad of mine had lately died. This commission he instantly executed; and the first time I mounted the animal, after displaying a vicious disposition in various unpleasant ways, he ran away with me, on one of the most frequented high-roads near Lon-

don, to the infinite alarm of every one who witnessed the accident. I am a good horse-woman, and fortunately had the presence of mind to keep my seat, till a turnpike-gate stopped my flight. On my expressing some degree of surprise to Mr. Latitat, that he should suffer himself to be so imposed upon by the person who sold him the horse, he very coolly replied, that he knew the beast had some trifling tricks, but that as I was such a fine rider, he did not think that they would be of any consequence; in short, he supposed they would give me an opportunity of shewing my airs and graces in the management of the creature. My sister, who is a meek, mild, amiable woman, and entirely under the controul of her husband, went into the hysterics on the occasion; and her feelings, which were very poignant indeed, were remarked upon with a sarcastic severity, to which she made no reply, but a look of reproach, such as I never saw her express before, accompanied with an internal ejaculation, which I did not understand. But this is not all: fortunately I received no injury from the late runaway business but a scratch on my leg, that brought on a trifling inflammation, which a poultice would have cured. A surgeon, however, was instantly called in, who contrived, and, as it appeared to me, with great difficulty, to eke out his attendance for three weeks; while my brother Latitat attributed this circumstance, in a secret whisper among all his acquaintance, to an inveterate scrophulous habit with which I was afflicted. This circumstance I did not discover till very late; and I cannot help combining it with another which I could not help observing at the time, as having something particular in it. The case was as follows.

A gentleman of fortune, character, and accomplishments, who had a small villa in the vicinity of Mr. Latitat, and had employed him in his profession, about this time paid us more frequent visits than usual, and, I must own, had shewn some attention to me, which, without being very remarkable, were sufficient to awaken the attorney's apprehensions at the possible consequences; nor were they lessened by the gentleman's calling several successive days to enquire after me, in consequence of the danger which I had so lately escaped. There was nothing very particular in this, it may be said, and might be no more than the act of a well-bred, courteous neighbour. Be it so. I have no objection to such an interpretation of his conduct; nor does my vanity wish it otherwise. But I must own, it did appear singular to me, that, after calling, day after day, in the most friendly way, and expressing a real interest respecting me, he should at once cease his visits, in the last of which he was closeted with Latitat for an hour, and has never since entered the house when I have been an inmate of it.

Now, Mr. Spectator, let me ask you, whether your do not think that this artificial monster of a scrophula was conjured up to frighten this worthy man out of any serious pretensions he might entertain in my favour. But I must do this excellent brother-in-law of mine the justice to acknowledge, that, what-

ever secret mischief he may wish me, he is openly and avowedly profuse in my praise. He speaks respectably of my person and figure, but all his eloquence is exhausted in detailing the features of my character.—"She is not," he says, "without the general accomplishments of a well-educated woman: but then," he adds, "the girl has a mind that embraces the most important objects, and which cannot condescend to engage in the common concerns of life. So well is she acquainted with literature, that she finds nine out of ten of the men with whom she occasionally converses, to be downright dolts: and though she conducts herself in their presence with a becoming decorum, no sooner are they gone, then she treats them in a way, which, if they knew it, would ever prevent their giving her another opportunity of shewing her contempt of them. Marriage is a state which she considers as a condition of the most abject slavery, and to which she solemnly declares that she will never submit: and as for the powers of argument, in them she is unrivalled, and so persevering in the display of them as never to give up the point she is determined to support. If she had been a man and called to the bar, she would soon be at the head of the profession. What qualifications she may have to govern a family, may, perhaps, be rather dubious; but she is fit to govern a kingdom, and would make another Queen Elizabeth." Such is the general account he gives of me at his own table when the ladies are gone; for his communications on my subject are confined altogether to the gentlemen.

I must beg your patience to another little circumstance, which, being rather more interesting to me than the rest, I cannot induce myself to omit. You must know then, that the clergyman of Mr. Latitat's parish, is a young man of great attainments, polished manners, and the most exemplary conduct. In his occasional visits to my brother-in-law's house, he appeared in a point of view that won my esteem. In one of my rides I accidentally met him, and, for the sake of his society, I chanced to prolong my airing a couple of hours beyond the usual time of my return. This circumstance, I suppose, produced an enquiry of my servant, who I have since found was a spy upon me, as to the cause of it: and the next day the attorney attended the parish vestry, with no other apparent view but to quarrel with the parson, in order to break off all farther communication between them; and of course to prevent all future intercourse between the latter and myself. A pretence was afterwards made to transfer me to my other brother-in-law's residence, where an event took place, that unexpectedly unfolded a variety of transactions, the knowledge of which determined me to address myself to you. I must, however, acknowledge, that if the clergyman had made a proposal of marriage to me, and I have reason to believe that his diffidence alone has prevented him from doing it, I should have accepted it with pleasure; and this ambitious woman, this other Queen Elizabeth, would have been proud and happy to superintend the economy, enliven

the pleasures, and add to the comforts of a parsonage-house.

By the bye, I had forgotten to tell you, that my brother Latitat, who is hunting after my fortune by every means his cunning can suggest, has, at different times, brought me two lovers to solicit my hand, but whom he knew I should peremptorily refuse. The one was a vulgar, blear-eyed sugar-baker, a distant relation of his own; and the other a dull, heavy, stupid special pleader, who had served his time to him as an attorney: thus he can say with truth, as he continually does, that I have had several offers and refused them all. But this intelligence is always accompanied with a significant shake of the head, and the observation, that Belinda is an extraordinary girl, but that he would not advise any friend of his to speak to her on the subject of matrimony.

Now do tell me, Mr. Spectator, what I am to do. I was of age last August, and have thirty thousand, which is to be paid me on the day of my marriage, and the interest at my own disposal. How shall I get rid of these fortune-hunters, and not desert my sisters, whom I love, and who do every thing in their power to render me comfortable? Though I have used a feigned name, Latitat would discover himself if he were to read this letter, though he never reads any thing that will do him good. Perhaps some friend may see it, and, in great kindness, give him a hint of it: and then I am inclined to doubt whether it would do me good or harm. He would certainly pocket the affront, and probably be more malicious. But with your advice I shall be prepared to encounter him.

I write this from an inn on the road in my way to the attorney's, whither I am going, as I suppose, from some sapient suggestion of the underwriter. It is a post-house, and I will put this letter into the box myself. I shall be impatient for the first day of the next month; and am, in the mean time, and at all times, your most humble servant,

BELINDA.

Such curious fortune-hunters as these have not before offered themselves to my observation, in the comprehensive circuit of my acquaintance with mankind; and I flatter myself, that, on this occasion, they will meet with the disappointment which they so well deserve. As for Belinda, the way to happiness is open to her. She has nothing to do but, on the first of next month, to send the *Repository*, by the stage-coach, or any ordinary conveyance, to the amiable rector of Mr. Latitat's parish, with a little insertion in the title-page of "Vide *Modern Spectator*;" and I have no doubt, but that before the publication of the following number, a certain arrangement will have taken place between certain parties, which will produce them real happiness. If I should be instrumental in forwarding such an union, I trust that Belinda will give me an early notice of the desirable event, that I may communicate it to my readers, to whom I doubt not it will give real satisfaction: I can answer at least for the sincere pleasure it will afford to myself.

THE COGITATIONS OF SCRIBLERUS.

No. I.

An author much too poor to live,
Too poor in this rich world to rove;
Too poor for aught but verse to give,
But not, thank God, too poor to love;

Gives this his lucubrative lay:
One truth I tell, in sorrow tell it,
I'm forced to give my prose away,
Because, alas! I cannot sell it.——Gent.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF JOHANNES SCRIBLERUS, AUTHOR,

Sheweth,

THAT your petitioner, having, at great trouble, by racking his brains, and by great expence in buying pens, ink, and paper, composed and put together a number of incidents, reflections, or cogitations, which he calls Essays, and which he now ventures to lay before the public, humbly begging, that the same may be read attentively, and not only read, but praised and admired throughout all his Majesty's dominions; that the said Johannes Scriblerus may not only gain three times the value of these his Essays, from his bookseller, but that also he may gain a corner in Westminster Abbey, thereby living on the good things of this world; and his tomb be handed down to posterity by the tasteful pencil of a Pyne or a Mackenzie, to the very great comfort and pleasure of the said Johannes Scriblerus.

And the said Johannes Scriblerus, labouring under a complaint arising from the slow and tardy circulation of the fluids of his body, vulgarly called laziness, has, in some measure, suffered this his work to pass with a number of errors, grammatical, orthographical, literary, fashionable, and unfashionable, &c. &c. &c. he the said Johannes Scriblerus begs, entreats, and commands that such errors, grammatical, orthographical, literary, fashionable, and unfashionable, may not be considered as errors, but beauties; and that the carelessness of his style be considered like a simple dress thrown upon an elegant woman, the more becoming.

And further, should any party or parties wrongly conceive or take offence at such errors, grammatical, orthographical, literary, fashionable, or unfashionable, or conceive themselves reflected on, or their friends reflected upon, he the said Johannes Scriblerus doth hereby promise, for himself, his heirs, executors, or administrators, that by the party or parties considering themselves as so injured, applying to him, or asking him, his heirs, executors, and administrators to dinner; at which no less than three courses shall come to table, with so much ale, claret, Madeira, or Burgundy as he the said Johannes Scriblerus, his heirs, executors, and administrators may drink; he doth promise for himself, his heirs, executors, and administrators, that all such blunders, grammatical, orthographical, literary, fashionable, or unfashionable, be corrected, and he or they make any apology or

apologies as he, she, or they may require; and the offence or offences corrected in the next edition, or when published in separate volumes, if that ever be the case. And in case these Essays do succeed, he the said Johannes Scriblerus doth promise for himself, his heirs, executors, and administrators, to the trunk-liners and pastry-cooks, fruiterers and paper-stainers, one whole romance, written at the age of fourteen; which has already been offered to twenty booksellers, to take, print, publish, and distribute, without fee or reward to the said Johannes Scriblerus, or his partaking of any emolument arising from the sale whatever. And the said Johannes Scriblerus throws himself upon a generous public, nothing doubting, that when they become acquainted with the beauties of these his Essays, which he assures them are manifold, they will comply with his modest request; without which, he must leave off eating, and be content to lie in a common church-yard, unnoticed and undistinguished, the afore-mentioned disease, laziness, preventing him from doing any thing till too late to be of service to him.

By complying with these requests, you will much aid and abet your petitioner, who, as in duty bound, will ever pray.

INNER TEMPLE, Dec. 1, 1813.

THE RUSSIAN AMAZON, OR THE HEROIC LOVE OF A RUSSIAN LADY.

By OTTO VON KOTZEBUE.

SUCH is the title of a Russian novel, which assumes to be a narrative of circumstances that rea y happened during the campaigns of 1806 and 1807. As this novel, for so it is nevertheless called, has obtained great applause, and the literature of Russia is still but very little known in the rest of Europe, a sketch of this original Russian performance may probably afford some amusement to the reader.

War was determined upon. Captain Wasili P*** and Olga T*** had for two years cherished a mutual passion, which had the approbation of their parents. Olga's father, a wealthy nobleman, wished his future son-in-law to quit the service, and to endeavour to obtain some civil appointment. Wasili would cheerfully have complied; but the war commenced, and he thought that honour imperiously commanded him to defer his retirement from the army till the conclusion of the campaign. Olga, driven almost to despair by the approaching separation from her lover, determines to accompany him. In vain he opposes this resolution. She extorts from him an oath not to reveal her intention, and then proceeds:—"You must procure me a suit of male attire, and as I am tolerably well grown, I shall easily be able to conceal my sex. You shall then introduce me to your colonel as one of your relations, who is desirous of fighting for our country. I am convinced

that he will be satisfied with my behaviour," &c.

Olga had passed her childhood with an aunt who resided at a considerable distance, and had promised the good lady to pay her a yearly visit. She made this visit a pretext for quitting her father just at this moment. She possessed a little hoard of about two hundred rubles; some shifts and a few pair of stockings were packed up in a portmanteau, and the heroine was ready to start. Wasili brought the uniform, and the author has not forgotten to observe, that he placed himself in a corner, till she had put it on. He scarcely knew her again. Her firm step and fine military figure concealed her sex to admiration. She had, it is true, no beard, and her complexion appeared very delicate; but both these circumstances might naturally enough be charged to the account of her youth. It was concerted, that she should set out the next morning, professedly to visit her aunt, but stop, under the pretext of indisposition, at the first stage; whence Wasili was to fetch her, to present her to his colonel, and then to remain her inseparable companion. The whole trick was communicated to the aunt in a heart-breaking letter, in which she was entreated by her niece to lend her assistance to deceive the father, and to direct her answer to Serjeant H. in Captain P.'s company.

This letter Olga wrote, for what reason I cannot tell, in her male apparel, and it was not till she had done, that she began to think of resuming her proper habit. The modest Wasili withdrew for the purpose, but meeting her father at the door, a most extraordinary scene ensues. The father, who is going into the daughter's apartment, is detained upon all sorts of pretexts by her lover, who has just come out of it: but when he, nevertheless, persists in his intention, Olga shuts the door in his face, and locks herself in. He tells her who it is, which she knew well enough already. Meanwhile, she hides the uniform in her bed, slips on a pelisse, and then opens the door.

Her father has company, and military exploits become the topic of conversation. Stories of this kind used to have no interest for Olga; but now she listens with eagerness, and fancies herself already in the midst of the tumult of battle. In the last sleepless night, however, her conscience at length awoke, and reproached her with her intended deception of so tender a parent. The danger into which she was rushing, and the probability of never seeing him more, were present to her view: her courage failed; she determined, however, at all events, to set out; for if she could get over the separation from Wasili, she had nothing to do but to go to her aunt; and with this half and half resolution, which, as might easily be foreseen, one look of her lover would infallibly overturn, she prepared for the journey. No sooner is she dressed, than her father enters; unable to conceive the reason of the extreme vehemence of her grief, he entreats her, with the utmost tenderness, to unbosom herself to him; and makes such an impression upon her, that she falls at his feet, and is on the point of discovering the whole affair, when she is fortu-

nately interrupted by Wasili, and at the first sound of his voice forgets her father. On this occasion, the author remarks, "few, except those who have loved so ardently as Olga, will be able to conceive how the presence of a lover could produce such a powerful effect."

A circumstance which would revolt many a reader, is, that Wasili, in Olga's presence, assures her father, that she knows her duty too well to conceal any thing from him. Olga, meanwhile, recovers herself, and tells her father that, as he may easily imagine, nothing but her approaching separation from Wasili, was the occasion of her distress.

She now commences her journey, attended by her maid and a valet. Olga, as has been preconcerted, feigns indisposition at the first stage, and in a most incomprehensible manner, the maid and valet take themselves off, but whither we are not told; probably to the aunt, to inform her of the illness of their mistress, and that they have left her alone at the post-house to shift for herself. Wasili having, meanwhile, obtained leave of absence for twenty-four hours, hastens to her, and they breakfast for the first time together *tête-à-tête*. Wasili had brought with him a basket of provisions. The eatables, we are told, were very simple; on the other hand, they drank stoutly, so that, on counting up the toasts that were given, we cannot but suppose that Olga rose a little fresh from the table. They first drank *several times* to each other's health; then, success to the Russian arms; then, a speedy return to their country; then, to their future conjugal happiness; then, *several times*, to the health of the old deluded father: so that if we reckon the *several times* at no more than two each, Olga must have had at least seven glasses for her share. This station pleased her so well, that she conceived the idea of entreating her father to celebrate her nuptials there—an idea which so transported her lover, that he gave her a kiss, "as a proof of his everlasting affection." The post-master soon perceived that the young lady's illness was over, "for the paleness of her face was changed to a fiery red."

Wasili now returned with his beloved Olga to the city. It may not be amiss to quote what follows in the words of the original:—"He related to her by the way, that he had hired an apartment, where she might reside till they should be ordered to march; and that he had already obtained permission from his colonel to introduce his step-brother as serjeant in the regiment. Olga was now obliged to change her clothes, as they proceeded, lest they should betray her sex in the house where she was to lodge. They were for some time at a loss how to contrive this, till the captain suddenly conceived the idea that she might do it in the carriage. Though this was not the most convenient place for a lady's toilette, yet Olga would have felt no hesitation, had not her modesty stood in the way. Wasili quitted the vehicle for a few moments. The bundle of clothes lay beside her; the uniform and a black stock were taken out, and in a few moments the handsome female who had sat beside the captain, was

transformed into a fine young man and fellow-soldier."

It was dark when they arrived at the city. Olga slept soundly. The next morning Wasili came to fetch her to present her to his colonel, "but they took care first of all to get a good breakfast." The colonel liked the handsome young serjeant extremely well. Wasili went to Olga's father's to "dinner," and afterwards told her how tenderly the old man spoke of her; "on which she shed bitter tears, but soon recovered herself, in the anticipation of future felicity."

When the time for marching came, Olga took her station in the right wing of the company, with a halberd in her hand and a cartouch-box at her back. Of the latter she had afterwards an opportunity of relieving herself, by placing it in a provision-waggon. She suffered very little inconvenience from the long and toilsome march. Every evening Wasili took her into his own quarters, "and if there happened to be but one bed in the apartment, he did not undress, and used all the precautions which the honour and innocence of his beloved Olga prescribed."

Not far from Pultusk she was overcome with fatigue to such a degree, that she could proceed no farther, and Wasili staid behind with her. It grew dark, and they were yet ten wersts from the quarters assigned them for the night. They had already relinquished all hope of reaching them, when they discovered a light glimmering at a distance; it led them to a village, whither the exhausted Olga arrived with difficulty. All the inhabitants were in bed, and they knocked in vain at many of their doors. A poor artisan at length advised them to repair to the neighbouring mansion-house, whither he himself conducted them with a lantern, and where they were received by a Madame de B*** with great hospitality. "She immediately ordered the cloth to be laid," and, after supper, ushered the travellers into a chamber, "containing two excellent beds." Next morning the good lady even directed four horses to be put to her own carriage, to convey the handsome serjeant in high style to his regiment.

In the night of the 13th of December the Russians were posted in face of the enemy at Pultusk. As it was extremely cold and foggy, Wasili with his own hands kindled a fire for his subaltern, by which he subjected himself to the sneers of his brother officers. In the morning commenced the engagement, which, as it is well known, terminated in favour of the Russians, and in which Olga fought with the greatest intrepidity by the side of her lover. In a subsequent action, however, the Russians were obliged to give way, and in the confusion she was separated from Wasili. She kept running till she ceased to hear any noise, and finding a horse, whose owner had probably been shot, she sprung upon his back and gallopped away in hopes of soon reaching the Russian camp; but at break of day found herself in a village where the French were every moment expected. The first thing she did was to procure "some refreshment." She then rode away, till her horse dropped down with fatigue. Proceeding now on foot,

she arrived towards evening at another village, and "called for something to eat." During the repast she entered into conversation with the landlord, an honest German, who bestowed many hearty curses on the enemy for having so unmercifully annihilated the whole Prussian army. Olga assured him, that in the Russians the enemy would find they had a hard nut to crack. After drinking manfully to the health of the Emperor Alexander, the weary Olga retired to rest, the host himself lighting her to her chamber.

In the middle of the night, she was suddenly roused from her slumbers by a French quarter-master, who thundered at the door of the inn, and insisted on sleeping in the apartment where Olga lay. The landlord did all that he could to save the young Russian soldier; but at length the quarter-master threatened to break down the door, so that he was reluctantly compelled to open it. Olga, roused by the noise, had crept underneath the bed. The Frenchman, "after he had eaten his supper," hastily undressed, and it was not till then that, to his extreme astonishment, he espied a Russian uniform on a chair by his bed-side. Snatching up a pistol, he examined the bed, and perceiving a couple of handsome feet projecting from beneath it, he laid hold of them and drew forth the trembling Olga. At the same time presenting his pistol, he cried, "Surrender or die!" Olga implored mercy; and the Frenchman was highly delighted, when, instead of a Cossack or a grenadier, he beheld a handsome female at his feet. His joy at this unexpected *rencontre* may easily be conceived, and no sooner had he recovered from his surprise than he assured the modest maiden, "that though the Russians might now and then have the advantage in battle, yet in the skirmishes of love the French would always be their masters."

Now ensues an unequal contest, which the author delineates *con amore*; but at length, just at the moment when Olga is nearly exhausted, she owes the preservation of her virtue to the entrance of a French officer. She throws herself at his feet; he takes her under his protection; and she, to prove that she is worthy of it, relates her story, by which the Frenchman is so affected, that he repeatedly exclaims, "Olga is an angel! If France produced such females, they would rivet the attachment of their lovers, and the French would lose the reputation of inconstancy."—To return to the Russian army was now impossible, for Olga was already in the rear of the French, without knowing how she had got there. The officer therefore gave her his address, Gaspard Dufour, of the .... regiment of hussars: he desired her only to apply to him whenever she needed his protection; and at his departure he privately gave the landlord four louis d'ors for her use. The Russian uniform was burned, and Olga remained for some time in the house of the honest host, in the apparel of a country lad. The morning after the above ticklish adventure, "the landlady enquired how Olga had slept, and was rejoiced to hear that she was perfectly well."

From this place Olga wrote to her aunt, to whom she communicated all her adventures, and requested a supply of money, having determined to proceed to Cüstrin, whither many of the wounded Russians had been conveyed, and where she should perhaps meet with her Wasili. She actually set out with two young French officers, who had been slightly wounded, and who took her along with them as an attendant. They had another servant, named Louis; and she was obliged the very first night to sleep in the same bed with him for want of room. "This threw her into considerable embarrassment, for she had not yet forgotten the affair with the quarter-master." She determined, however, not to undress, and endeavoured to persuade Louis to spare himself that trouble likewise. "You may do as you please," replied Louis laughing, "but as for me, I don't often sleep in so comfortable a bed, and shall therefore enjoy myself." Upon this, he stripped without farther ceremony; Olga lay down upon the bed-clothes; and in this manner they passed the night. The jeers of her companion, who made many significant remarks on her conduct, kept her waking for some time, and the author declares, that "Olga again felt herself much embarrassed." At last she feigned sleep, and the merry Louis actually fell into a sound slumber.

The second evening she had to encounter a still more perplexing adventure. She was called to one of the young officers, whom she found stripped before the fire. He desired her to bind up his wound. What was to be done? She was obliged to obey, and the officer could not comprehend why she turned so red during the operation. He was so well satisfied with her dexterity, that she had to perform the same office every day.

At length they reached Cüstrin. Here Olga parted from her companions and went to an inn, where a new adventure awaited her; for the maid of the house, a pretty girl, had fallen in love at first sight with the handsome young fellow, and gave such proofs of her fondness as must soon have rendered an explanation indispensably necessary.

The next morning she repaired to the hospital, and enquired of the superintendent, a German, named Bibern, if the Russian Captain P*** was among the wounded. Bibern replied, that their number was so great, he had not been able to make out any list, but she might go in and see. First of all, however, he examined her pockets, to satisfy himself that they contained no prohibited articles; and perceiving an unusual protuberance at the bosom, he conceived that something of the kind might be concealed under the waistcoat, which he accordingly pulled open, and discovered her sex.

Bibern, after his first astonishment had subsided, declared that he would not admit her into the hospital, for he was sure that Captain P. was not her brother, as she gave out, but her lover. She persisted in her assertion, but could not prevail on the superintendent to grant her request. On the way back to her inn, she accidentally met her old friend, Captain Dufour, to whom she made herself known and explained her situation. He immediately procured

an order for her admittance to the hospital, where, having previously resumed the habit of her sex, she for three days in vain sought her lover, whom she at length found extended on the floor in the most miserable state. Their joy at meeting again was inexpressible. Through the interference of Captain Dufour, she procured better attendance for the patient, who soon recovered, and was destined to be transported with the other officers to France. Bibern, who, from the first discovery of Olga's sex, had conceived a violent passion for her, offered to obtain her brother's release (for she still persisted in assuming the character of his sister), on condition that she should become his wife. She gave him hopes of compliance with his wishes, and merely solicited a short delay. Bibern had an assistant, named Truter, an excellent creature, who happened to bear an extraordinary resemblance to her lover both in figure and face. Him she persuaded to lend his clothes to the prisoner; and Wasili effected his escape while she kept Bibern engaged in a loving conversation, and even shewed him a letter which she had written to her father, to obtain his consent to her union with him. The old superintendent was transported with joy, and had not the least suspicion when Olga left the hospital to carry the letter herself to the post-office. Instead of doing this, however, she rejoined Wasili and Truter, and all three getting into a carriage provided for the purpose, set out for Königsberg.

Her triumph was, alas! of short duration. In their first night's lodging, thirty-five miles from Cüstrin, their chambers were suddenly stormed by French soldiers, who seized Wasili, and carried him back to Cüstrin. Olga followed him thither, and learned that they owed this new misfortune to the incensed Bibern. Wasili was kept in close confinement, and was destined in a few days to set out for France. The gaoler was a cruel fellow; but his step-daughter, Louisa, a tender-hearted girl, who was doomed to marry a man she detested, promised to accomplish the deliverance of the prisoner, if a rope-ladder could be sent to him in a large pye. Wasili, however, was obliged to march before this notable stratagem could be put in execution; and he just found means to write a note to his Olga, entreating her to summon up all her fortitude, and to return without delay to her father. Overwhelmed with despair, she sets out for the post-house, to comply with the entreaty of her lover, but, all at once, the magic cry of Peace! peace! resounds on every side. Fortunate, indeed, was this for Wasili, who would otherwise have been carried off to France, because he had refused to give his word of honour, that he would not again bear arms against the French during the war.

The lovers now lose no time in preparing for their departure. Truter, who has made up a hasty match with the susceptible Louisa, accompanies them with his young wife. The whole party reach Olga's home without accident. They are received in the kindest manner by the deluded father, and all repair to the post station, where Olga has determined to celebrate her nuptials. Here she thanks Heaven

for having delivered her from all the dangers into which her imprudence and inexperience had involved her; and prays, that her example might rather prove a beacon to warn other females to shun those rocks on which they would most probably suffer shipwreck, than an encouragement to them to expose their lives and, what ought to be still dearer to them, their honour, to similar hazards.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

On the 1st of January, 1814, will be published, the Third Number of *The Legal and Literary Journal, and Mercantile Magazine.* The arrangement to be adopted in future will be, 1. The Literary Department; 2. The Legal Department; 3. The Commercial Department; 4. The Theatrical Department; and 5. The Miscellaneous Department.—The causes which led to the temporary suspension of this Miscellany, as also of its change of title from The Mercantile Magazine, are explained in the prospectus which is ready for distribution. In future the mode of publication will be monthly.

In the course of the present winter will appear, a translation of the whole of *La Fontaine's Tales*, which, though published nearly a century, have never appeared in an English dress.

Messrs. Shepheard and Brighty announce for publication, Part I. of a new work, entitled *Vignette Illustrations of Pastoral and Domestic Compositions of the Figure*, with appropriate letter-press. The work will be completed in six parts, each to contain four highly coloured etchings, aquatinted, in imitation of drawings. The parts will be delivered at an interval of six months between each.

The following works will appear early in January:—

1. *The Travels of Julius von Klaproth in the Caucasus and Georgia*, undertaken by order of the Russian government.

2. The second and concluding volume of *Langsdorff's Voyages and Travels*, containing his journey from Kamschatka to the Aleutian Islands, the north-west coast of America, and return over-land through Siberia to Petersburgh.

3. *The Letters of Klopstock and his Friends*, translated from the German by Miss Benger, 2 vols.

4. *The Essays and Letters of Professor Gellert*, translated from the German by Anne Plumptre.

5. A new edition of Mr. Barrett's *Heroine*, with considerable alterations and additions.

The Literary and Scientific Calendar, containing a biographical account of living authors, &c. the publication of which has been retarded by the laborious researches which it required, is now in the press, and will certainly appear early in 1814.

In a few days will be published, *Letters*, addressed to Lord Liverpool and the Parliament on the Preliminaries of Peace.

A humorous work is in the press, entitled *The School for Good Liv-*

ing, or *a Literary and Historical Essay on the European Kitchen*, beginning with Cadmus, the cook and king, and ending with the union of cookery and chemistry.

New editions are preparing for publication, in French and English, of Madame de Stael's *Delphine*, and of her *Letters on the Character and Writings of Rousseau*.

A new novel is in the press, by the author of The Blind Child; it is called *Mystery and Confidence*.—Also, *A Sentimental Journey through Margate and Hastings*, by Dr. Comparative, jun.

Early in January 1811, will be published, the first number of a new work, to be called *The Rejected Theatre*, or a Collection of Dramas which have been offered for representation, but declined by the managers of the play-houses. As a great majority of the new plays are condemned on the first performance, and many of those which the public consent to tolerate, are but little esteemed, it has been justly thought, that, among the rejected pieces, some might be found not inferior in merit to those selected by the managers; and that a work of this nature would enable the lovers of the drama to appreciate the taste and judgment with which the most rational amusement is conducted, and how far the assertion is correct, that the pantomimic state of the stage is owing to decline in the dramatic genius of the nation.

The first part of Lackington's *Catalogue* will be published in a very few weeks. A new arrangement of the classes has been adopted, by which the research of the collector will be greatly facilitated; an improvement much desired, and which has now become essentially requisite to this large and increasing collection of books.

The second volume of Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses*, by Mr. Bliss, is in great forwardness.

A new edition of Mr. Keys's complete *Treatise on the Management of Bees*, is nearly ready, being printed in an elegant volume of the pocket size.

A work on *Apparitions* is in the press; in which the whole mystery of ghosts, hobgoblins, and haunted houses, is developed; being a collection of entertaining stories, founded on fact, and selected for the purpose of eradicating those ridiculous fears, which the ignorant, the weak, and the superstitious are too apt to encourage, for want of properly examining the causes of such absurd impositions.

Mr. Rouse is printing his *Doctrine of Chances*, combining the theory and practice of all games of hazard, as cards, dice, lotteries, horse-racing, &c. with easy rules, whereby every person acquainted with common arithmetic, may calculate the probabilities of events, so as to convince themselves of the advantage or disadvantage of adventuring in any species of gaming, by the instant operation of the mind.

Lady Morgan, who has so often fascinated the public by the productions of her pen under the name of Miss Owenson, has in the press a *National Tale* after the manner of The Wild Irish Girl.

The first part of the *Memoires et Lettres du Baron de Grimm* anterior to the year 1770, have lately been discovered and published in

Paris. It is reported in the *Journal de l'Empire*, to be even superior to the 2d and 3d parts already published. A selection from them is printing in French and English, on the same plan as the former volumes published in London.

The first number of a new periodical Miscellany will be published the 1st February, entitled *The New Monthly Magazine*, the political features of which will be in direct opposition to those of the old Monthly Magazine, at present edited by Sir Richard Phillips. Several gentlemen of distinguished talent will contribute to this work, which will be open to disquisitions on every subject of general interest, and will also contain such articles of necessary information as will render it a complete Record and Chronicle of the Times.

The portrait of *Marquis Wellington*, now engraving by Mr. Minasi, as announced in our last, will be dedicated, by permission, to his illustrious brother, Marquis Wellesley, and be published soon after the commencement of the year.

Mr. Sadler has given the following account of his recent aërial excursion from Nottingham:—At a quarter before three o'clock on Monday, 1st November, I ascended from the Company's wharf, situated near the south-west corner of the town of Nottingham, and passing over the beautiful meadows which lie on the south, leaving the village of West Bridgeford on the right, and Gamston on the left, I passed between Tollerton and Cotgrave, still hearing the shouts of the people and firing of guns. The balloon still rising, I passed over Owethorpe; and not far from Colston Bassett, I entered Leicestershire, Long Clawson on my right hand, and Hose on my left. The balloon now appeared stationary, but by the shadow of it on the earth, I soon found it was going back to the north-west. I should have continued this direction, in the hope of returning to Nottingham, but the balloon being much distended and forcing itself through the hoop into the car, I opened the valve, which brought me again into the north-east current, and took me nearly over Goadby-Marwood and Scalford: I plainly saw the people on the roads, and distinctly heard them shout. Afterwards I passed near Waltham on the Wolds, and a little farther on, saw a number of inclosures, which I thought would be a good place for my descent. I called to the people, and was answered by an echo several times. I, a second time, called out to them, and the echo was repeated as before. I was about descending, but for fear of getting entangled with the buildings in the village of Garthorpe, I threw out ballast, and re-ascended. Here Belvoir castle appeared about six miles to the north, its turrets surrounded by numerous woods, forming a most beautiful and picturesque landscape. I passed over to Wymondham, but, still finding a number of woods in the direction of the balloon, I cleared some of them, and attempted to descend beyond Market Overton. I was first approaching to the earth, not far from the celebrated Thistleton Gap, but saw a large wind-mill a-head of me, and fearful the grappling irons might not take secure hold of the

earth, I thought it prudent to re-ascend, in order to clear the mill. I then passed over the great North road, near Greatham Inn and Twin Woods. At this moment, I was highly gratified with a second view, from the aërial regions, of Exton Park and its beautiful sheets of water, having before passed over it in my excursion from Birmingham, in October, 1811. Seeing, between the woods, ploughed and meadow fields, where there was a pack of hounds returning from hunting, I deemed it a proper place to descend, particularly as there was a number of woods further on, extending towards the sea, which at this moment I distinctly saw. I discharged as much gas as to cause my descent to be very rapid, and I fell with the car on one side of a high hedge, and the balloon on the other. A country girl assisted me in pulling the valve line, so as to keep it open to disengage the gas, until the huntsman and his party arrived, who assisted me in releasing the lines from the car. The place of my descent, I understand, is in the parish of Pickworth, in the county of Rutland. I completed this aërial excursion in fifty-nine minutes, being visible from the place of my ascension nearly three-fourths of the time. The length of my journey, measured in a direct line, is thirty-two miles, and the course nearly south-east. The balloon and car sustained but little damage, and were removed to an adjacent farm-house. I immediately went to Greatham Inn, and after taking some refreshment, and being congratulated on my safe descent by the Duke of Montrose, who happened to arrive at the moment, I proceeded on to Grantham, where I slept: I breakfasted next morning at Bingham, and arrived at Nottingham about twelve o'clock, amidst the cheers and acclamations of the liberal inhabitants of the place.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Harry le Roy, a Heroic Pastoral Burletta, founded on Dodsley's "King and the Miller of Mansfield," as performed with great applause at the Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden; the Words by J. Pocock, Esq. the Music composed and arranged for the Piano-Forte by H. R. Bishop. Pr. 10s. 6d.

We have derived much real entertainment from the perusal of this opera, although we are free to own the pleasure we experienced was often mixed with a feeling of regret, at seeing talents like Mr. B.'s compelled, as it were, to run a race against time, an observation which most of his late dramatic works are calculated to excite. Although some carry with them a stamp of greater comparative maturity, yet we believe the world has yet to give a wishful guess at what the author might do, if totally uncontrolled by the pressure of the moment. His "Harry le Roy," with many individual merits, bears, in its plain scores, its occasional grammatical transgressions, and in the appropriation of much unacknowledged foreign property, evident and strong marks of hurried labour.

To give a brief sketch of the character of some of the songs, &c.:—Incledon's "Sweetly the bugles sound," has an original and

very interesting melody in a minor mood, which is happily relieved by an imitation of the subject in the major key. The subject of the duet (*p.* 10), "You're as welcome as the king," we are not unacquainted with; but we must own, that Mr. B. has treated it in a very able manner. A spirited cheerfulness prevails in all its successive ideas; the two voices support each other, either simultaneously or alternately, with great effect; and the occasional instrumental action imparts to the whole adequate richness.—Sinclair's "She was sweeter than the morning," is a soft, melodious trifle, which, however, we have known long ago, under the name "Ye banks and ye braes."—Mrs. Sterling's "Though my heart with shame is burning," merits particular distinction; it is an elegant and highly interesting little song; its only fault consists in its shortness.—Of the two movements composing the duet, "Each doubt is flown," we were well satisfied with the lively allegretto in the polacca style. The quintett, "Why stays he now," is a very characteristic and commendable composition; the melody goes throughout hand in hand with the words, especially in *p.* 28, which, in other respects, too, has our particular favour. The whole constitutes a lively scene, full of dramatic effect.—We have been equally pleased with the duet, "The maid we love." It is ushered in by a neat symphony, the melody is altogether of a select pathetic cast, replete with sentiment and expression.—"On my wedding-day," is a lively, smart duet, with an interesting intermediate minor phrase or two.—For the finale, we should have preferred something of Mr. B.'s own make to the well-known French melody, "Enfant chéri des Dames," successively served up in the three kindred keys of G, C, and D.

"*Stanco di pascolar,*" *a Venetian Air, with Variations for the Piano-Forte, composed* by V. Fiorini. Pr. 3s.

The sweet simplicity of this melody was well calculated for variation, and Mr. F. has done his duty by it. His variations are very tasteful, there is a due diversity of character in their conception, and no opportunity has been neglected to give them the zest of adventitious embellishments. In var. 1 and 2, we notice an uninterrupted career of expressive fluency; var. 3, in a minor mood, is chastely devised and interspersed with appropriate modulation. Var. 7, among other merits, derives a mellowed tone from the countersection of time entailed upon both hands; and var. 8 produces a striking effect by the active brilliancy infused into its bars. We have already noticed the abundance of figurative decoration in this publication; and cannot help adding, that, in our opinion, there is, in that respect, too much of a good thing. The constant recurrence of graces, which are flirted about at every step, in the manner of the modern Italian school, are hurtful to the general effect, and infuse an air of sameness into the work.

The Lundun, a National Portuguese Air, as danced by Mdlle. Monroy at Lisbon, arranged with twelve

Variations for the Piano-Forte, and dedicated to Miss A. F. P. by an Amateur. Pr. 3s.

However disposed to encourage any effort from an unprofessional pen, especially when that pen is wielded by fair hands, we are reluctantly compelled to own, that the twelve variations before us exhibit not a vestige of internal evidence in support of the expediency of giving them typographical publicity. The harmony is very frequently erroneous, to such a degree that we are warranted in advising the fair author to devote some time to the study of the elements of musical science, before resolving upon another attempt at composition.

A favourite Duo, composed by Kozeluch, arranged for the Piano-Forte, Harp, and Flute, and inscribed to Miss Cheese, of Dublin, by J. Mazzinghi. Pr. 5s.; single, 3s.

We are well acquainted with the original which forms the basis of this trio. The smooth, unaffected style of Kozeluch is particularly conspicuous in this work of his; and the manner in which Mr. M. has divided its component parts among the piano-forte, harp, and flute, is such as might be expected from his veteran experience in the mysteries of harmony. The addition of ledger-lines to the piano-forte part, enables the student to execute the whole on that instrument, without experiencing any material void in the general harmony.

"*Entre Nous," a Duet for two Performers on the Piano-Forte,* No. 29. Pr. 1s. 6d.

The subjects of the two movements included in the present number of "Entre Nous," are, a well known spirited march and a rondo from Mozart's opera of *Figaro*, both arranged by Mr. P. Rosalli. In point of choice we have to compliment Mr. R.'s taste; but, on reverting to the score of the great Mozart, we must say, that, with the advantage of four hands, a superior arrangement would have been no difficult task to accomplish.

A favourite Collection of Waltzes, as performed at the Nobility's Fetes, composed and arranged for the Piano-Forte and Harp, by T. Marsano. No. I. Pr. 2s. 6d. (Piano-Forte Part, pr. 1s. 6d.)

Ditto, ditto, by ditto. No. II. Pr. ditto.

The two numbers before us contain four walzes each, not of the speculative kind for the musical closet, but real walzes, quite adapted to the ball-room. That they are throughout original, we are not prepared to admit; but this we will say, that they are conceived in the right spirit of the dance, void of affectation, lively, and pleasing. As the piano-forte part is charged with the whole melody (so that the harp may be missed without material inconvenience), and is set in a very easy style, we wish to recommend the practice of these walzes to incipient performers. They could scarcely turn to any thing better calculated to combine instruction with entertainment at so moderate a price.

The Rose de Meaux, a favourite Ballad, respectfully dedicated to the Misses Hawkins; the Words by A. H. Esq. the Music by Gesualdo Lanza. Pr. 2s. 6d.

Both the pencil of the painter and the quill of the penman have

been put in requisition to add exterior embellishment to this publication, and an elegant title-page has been the result. To this we feel no other objection, than what is suggested by the fear lest the desire of possessing Mr. L.'s music might be checked with the unaffluent by the, perhaps mistaken, idea of paying for the rose and the swan at the same time. The air possesses the expression of playful and innocent simplicity required by the text; very studious care has been bestowed to direct the execution of the vocal performer; while, on the other hand, the instrumental support has been dispensed in a manner to be expected from the author's professional experience. The first minor portion (in F, *p.* 4,) appears to us to savour too much of sacred strains. The second minor (in A, *p.* 6,) has our decided approbation, especially with the intervening fine relief in C.

An original Air, with Variations for the Harp, composed, and dedicated to Lady Frederick Beauclerk, by C. Meyer. Pr. 3s.

Those that know from experience the difficulty of inventing a simple, and at the same time sweet and interesting strain of regular singing melody, will give Mr. Meyer the praise and thanks he deserves for the charming theme he has devised for these variations. *Poëta nascitur* is a saying equally applicable to harmony: all the contrapuntal study in the world *alone* will be insufficient to put together eight bars of good melody, such as we have in this instance. The theme is perfect, not only in that respect, but also in regard to its simply chaste harmony. As to the variations, it would be difficult to desire any thing superior; graceful in the extreme, fluent, of distinct diversity of character, rich in harmony, they satisfy every æsthetical requisite of that species of composition. In the 4th variation, although one of peculiar merit, we discover an objectionable bar or two. Bar 5, *p.* 7, might be tolerated; but bar 6 appears to us decidedly harsh and incorrect; indeed it contains downright octaves. We had almost forgotten the introduction, which would have been an injustice to the author: it is conceived with much taste, its strains are imposing and fanciful, and terminate in an elegant cadence.

"*Auld lang syne,*" *harmonized for four Voices, with an Accompaniment for the Harp or Piano-Forte,* by W. Knyvett. Pr. 2s. 6d.

This Scotch air is so arranged, that two voices alone execute the principal portion of the text, and the burthen is cast into a chorus of four; and thus the verses are repeated in score to the end. The arrangement is devised with unlaboured propriety, and the instrumental accompaniment affords every requisite support for the vocal performers.

A Military Serenade for the Piano-Forte, composed by L. Hoberecht. Pr. 3s.

Every page of this divertimento has afforded us such entire satisfaction, that we feel pleasure in doing public justice to the author's labour. It is good music! In the short introductory largo we observe a successful aim at pathetic expression. The allegro boasts of a regular construction in all its periods; the author's ideas are dictat-

ed by good taste and guided by science. As a proof of the latter merit, we might quote the series of solving chords in the last lines of *pp.* 3 and 5, the former leading to a change of key in F, the latter to a similar change in B b. The beginning of the 2d part (*p.* 4), and the ensuing modulations, are equally creditable. The rondo is rendered attractive by its lively, ingenious theme; its 9th page is replete with interesting ideas; and the conclusion, prepared in *p.* 10, is highly well conducted. The left-hand appears rather kept in comparative ease; but as this circumstance contributes its share to the general facility of the execution, we shall not start any objection on that score.

Elements of Music in Verse, adapted to the Piano-Forte, and calculated for juvenile Study; to which are added, a Series of progressive Lessons and a favourite Duet, by John Kelly. Pr. 5s.

We agree with the author as to the power of rhyme and metre in impressing facts or positive knowledge on youthful memories; and cannot but approve of his having applied the principle to the *first* rudiments of music. Whether the higher branches of the science, which ought to be reserved for an age of riper intellect, would, as Mr. K. conceives, derive benefit from the same method, remains questionable. The publication, however, now before us, has been studiously and very properly confined to mere elementary instruction; the poetical precepts are conceived in a plain and familiar style, and comprise every thing indispensably necessary at the first outset of musical tuition. They are followed by a brief dictionary of musical terms; by two-handed gamuts of the principal major and minor keys; and, lastly, by a set of easy lessons: so that the whole may be recommended as a competent, advantageous, and certainly not expensive guide during the first months of musical instruction.

A Sonata for the Piano-Forte, in which is introduced the favourite Scotch Air, The Lass of Patie's Mill, and the new Tulloch Gorum, composed, and inscribed to Mr. Robert Nasmyth, by J. F. Burrowes. Op. IX. Pr. 4s.

The intrinsic worth of the greatest portion of this publication, would merit a much more extended analysis than our limits permit; it proclaims the author a man of classic taste and of much contrapuntal knowledge. Sometimes, indeed, Mr. B. would give rather a strong dose of it, and the attempt (as, for instance, in the two first lines of *p.* 4,) exposes him to an occasional *faux pas* or two: but, taking the work as a whole, we can, if we except the last movement, scarcely speak in terms too decidedly expressive of praise and frequently of admiration. To quote a few portions, we will only notice the select modulations, executed with crossed hands, *p.* 3; the still more exquisite play upon chords, *p.* 6, terminating by the able enharmonic substitution in four sharps at the close of that page. Such traits shew the master of his profession. Page 7, exhibiting an equally well managed transition, is no less meritorious; and the neat counterpoints in the last lines of *p.* 8, cannot, in justice, escape our record.

The larghetto, however, is, in our opinion, the pride of the work: its excellencies are by far too numerous to be detailed; and we are free to say, a page like *p.* 12 is seldom to be met with in compositions of the present day. In elevated musical thought, in refined delicacy of expression, and in sterling science properly applied, this movement may safely be compared to Mozart's style, which, indeed, seems to have been throughout in the author's recollection and imagination.

Now, however, we have to complain of ill usage on the part of Mr. B. After raising our ideas to an exalted pitch of musical delight by his charming larghetto, he, at one wanton leap, casts us headlong into a sink of vulgarity by his unfortunate "New Tulloch Gorum," with all its genuine Bartholomew-fair harmony of killing fifths, &c. (bars 9, 10). It is cruel thus to play with our musical feeling. We allow, this choice theme soon makes way for better fare of Mr. B.'s own manufacture; but the "New Tulloch Gorum" raises its head again every now and then with mutinous obstinacy, and even makes its re-appearance in a monstrous minor garb, with a good savouring of fifths too. From the exquisite taste displayed in the two former movements, we are inclined to think the adoption of the "New Tulloch Gorum" was not an act of free choice, but rather a severe trial, submitted to in compliment to an unfortunate fancy of some friend or other, and probably proved to the author as severe a pill to work upon, as it did to us to review.

PLATE 3.—THE PANTHEON.

THIS once noble structure, situated on the south side of Oxford-street, was originally built by the late Mr. James Wyatt, for the purpose of public evening entertainments. It was a most superb and beautiful structure, the admiration of all connoisseurs, foreigners as well as natives. The interior was fitted up in such a magnificent style, that it is scarcely possible for those who never saw it, to conceive the elegance and grandeur of the apartments, the boldness of the paintings, or the effect produced by the disposition of the lights, which were reflected from gilt vases. Below the dome were a number of statues, representing most of the heathen gods and goddesses, supposed to be in the ancient Pantheon at Rome, from which it derived its name. To these were added three beautiful statues of white porphyry, representing the King and Queen, and Britannia. The whole building formed a suite of fourteen rooms, each affording a striking specimen of taste and splendour.

After the destruction of the King's Theatre in the Haymarket, by fire, in June 1789, the Pantheon was used for the exhibition of Italian operas, and was frequently honoured with the presence of their Majesties; till, on the 14th January, 1792, this beautiful structure also fell a prey to the same devouring element. The fire broke out in the new buildings whic

had been added for the more convenient performance of operas; and before any engine reached the spot, the flames had gained such a height, that all attempts to save the building were in vain. Owing to the scenery, oil, paint, and other combustible materials in the house, the conflagration was so rapid, that not a single article could be saved. Persons who witnessed the progress of this tremendous fire, declare, that the appearances exhibited through the windows, the lofty scagliola pillars enveloped in flames and smoke, the costly damask curtains waving from the rarefaction of the air, and the superb chandeliers turning round from the same circumstance, together with the successive crashing and falling in of different portions of the building, furnished to their minds a more lively representation of Pandemonium than the imagination alone can possibly supply. The effects, too, of the intense frost which then prevailed, upon the water poured from the engines upon the blazing pile, are described as equally singular and magnificent. The loss occasioned by this catastrophe amounted to £60,000; only one fourth of which sum was insured. The height of the walls fortunately prevented the conflagration from spreading to the contiguous houses.

The Pantheon has been rebuilt; the original elegant front and portico still remain, but the rest of the edifice exhibits not even a shadow of its former magnificence. Since its re-edification, it has been used principally for exhibitions, and occasionally for masquerades. Various plans have at different times been brought forward for opening it for dramatic representations; and this was actually done a few months since, under a licence from the magistrates, by a Mr. Cundy, who is understood to have embarked a considerable fortune in the concern; but whose right has been contested by the winter theatres, and is likely to become a subject of legal discussion.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS.

BEFORE we enter upon the recital of the events which followed the battle of Leipzig (18th Oct.), we have to amend the imperfect recapitulation of the immediate results of that glorious day, and of the 16th preceding, given in our last Retrospect. They would appear incredible, were they not confirmed by the official reports of the allies, and the dispatches of Lords Cathcart and Aberdeen. The number of French killed on those two memorable days has not yet been stated; but we know that Prince Poniatewsky and General Dumourestier were drowned, and that Gens. Latour-Maubourg, Bony, and a Gen. Bertrand died of their wounds. Of the number of French wounded, we have likewise no certain data: that Marshals Ney and Augereau were among the number, and that 22,000 sick and wounded were among the prisoners, is admitted on all hands. Of the number of prisoners taken we have a more satisfactory account. There

were 30,000 unhurt, and 27 generals, captured; among the latter we find the names of

Lauriston,
Regnier,
Delmas,
D'Hesnain,
Aubry,
Charpentier, } French generals.

Krasinsky, a Polish general.

Count Hohberg,
Baron Hockorn,
Prince Emile, of Hesse, } genls. of the Rhenish con.

250 pieces of cannon, upwards of 1000 ammunition waggons and caissons, several eagles and colours, 30,000 stand of arms found packed in chests at Leipzig, immense magazines of warlike stores, together with an incredible booty of various kinds obtained in that city.

The assertion of a premature blowing up of the bridge at Lindenau as the principal cause of these losses, is proved, as we suspected, an impudent falsehood. The allies followed on the heels of the fugitive French by this same bridge.

We have by right another chasm to fill up in our preceding Report: it is the history of the French retreat from the Saale to the Rhine, 20th Oct. to 3d Nov. by the way of Erfurth, Eisenach, Fulda, and Francfort—two weeks of woe and misery, unparalleled in history, except by their retreat from the Dnieper to the Niemen. Although it was only in the first six or seven days of this period, that, out of the whole coalesced armies, some divisions of the brave Silesian army under Blücher, could keep up close enough to harass the enemy; yet even in this partial pursuit, as far as about Eisenach, upwards of 10,000 prisoners were made, 60 or 70 pieces of cannon taken, and the route of Bonaparte, as in Russia, was marked by desolation, pillage, conflagration, and by thousands of dead or expiring victims to his fallen fortune. But the disasters of the French army were not solely owing to the allies pursuing them from *behind*. A circumstance perhaps unheard of in military history, is, that General Czernicheff, with about 4000 Cossacks and other light troops, literally formed Napoleon's advanced guard throughout almost the whole of his flight. At times he lay in wait to surprise detach[ments of] hostile columns, so as to oblige th[e] army to keep together in a body an[d] in one road; on other occasions, and more frequently, this enterprizing partisan destroyed by anticipation the bridges lying in the enemy's route, and the magazines provided in the towns they had to pass. In these operations alone, Czernicheff took 4000 prisoners.

After being thus harassed and hunted down, what must have been the sensations of despair in the French army, when they learnt, that a further and still more severe trial awaited them on the Maine—that an Austro-Bavarian army, under General Wrede, was waiting for them on the Kinzig, to block up their return to France! Exactly like Tchichagoff on the Berezyna, had General Wrede arrived on the Kinzig, to seal hermetically the escape of Bonaparte; but, unfortunately, like Tchichagoff's operations, did General Wrede's efforts fail in accomplishing the object: on the Kinzig, as on the Berezyna, the desperate situation of the French animated the soldier

with the valour of despair; the French generals exhibited an extraordinary portion of skill; and Bonaparte had a lucid interval of that consummate generalship which formerly used to be an inseparable companion of his military undertakings.

It now appears, that the Generalissimo Prince Schwarzenberg made too sure of Wrede's eventual success: confident that Bonaparte would not be able to burst through the net, and be consequently compelled to turn off towards the Lahn and Coblenz, he diverted the track of Field - Marshal Blücher, who alone was upon Napoleon's heels, and directed him to take the route to Coblenz. If Blücher had gone on towards Hanau, Bonaparte would have found himself between two fires, and few of his men, perhaps not himself, would ever have crossed the Rhine.

The battle of Hanau (30th Oct.) was a desperate and murderous contest. The allies, in their official reports, state Bonaparte's force at from 70 to 80,000 men, their own at half that number; admit a loss of 7000 men killed and wounded, and some prisoners, but quote that of the French at 12,000 killed and wounded, and 15,000 prisoners. Be that as it may, it is evident that the French gained their object of forcing their way through the hostile ranks, and compelled the Austro-Bavarians to evacuate the weak fortress of Hanau, which they garrisoned, to cover their further retreat. But, on the next day, General Wrede, finding the French garrison in Hanau unsupported by the presence of the bulk of their army, attacked the place by storm. In the assault he received what was then deemed a mortal wound, but from which he is slowly recovering. This exasperated his army to such a degree, that nothing could withstand their onset; they forced their way into the town, and cut to pieces the whole French garrison. After this they did not much annoy Bonaparte's retreat. He passed the Rhine at Mentz with from 50 to 60,000 men, according to the most accurate estimate that can be formed, but of these no more than 30,000 are reported as fit for further service.

The preceding details are necessary supplements to our last Report. We now turn to ulterior events of the giant struggle, classing them, as far as their blended nature permits, under the following distinct heads.

THE LINE OF THE RHINE.

The grand allied army, under the command of the Generalissimo Prince Schwarzenberg, began to arrive in the vicinity of Francfort on the Maine on the 5th Nov. with the Emperor Alexander at their head; and on the succeeding day the Emperor Francis made his solemn entry into that city amid the enthusiastic acclamations of its joyful population, which had within its walls seen him crowned head of the German empire twenty years ago, and will probably soon witness a repetition of the same august ceremony. These two monarchs were on the 13th joined by their heroic ally, the King of Prussia, who had in the interval visited his capital and Breslaw. Meanwhile all the princes of the defunct Rhenish confederation who had not yet declared their sentiments, ab-

jured the vassalage of France, threw themselves into the arms of their legitimate chief, and hastened personally to Francfort, to protest their sincere devotion, and to pledge themselves to furnish double contingents towards the prosecution of the holy contest. Thus the King of Bavaria, the King of Wurtemberg, the Grand Dukes of Hesse, of Wurzburg, and of Baden, and other sovereign princes, arrived in succession ; so that at a dinner given by the Emperor Francis on the 17th Nov. the rare spectacle was witnessed of an assemblage of seventeen crowned heads, including two emperors, three kings, three grand dukes, &c.

In this august senate, joined by the representatives of the British sovereign, the future destinies of Europe were weighed and determined upon; while the numerous legions of the coalesced potentates kept approaching the majestic Rhine, stationing themselves in imposing masses on various points of its banks from Basle to Cleves, and panting for new laurels. The arrangement of a new plan of campaign, the required repose from the fatigues of recent exertion, and the unpropitious season of the year, will easily account for the suspension of active operations in this quarter. No aggressive movement demands our notice, except the assault on the French advanced camp at Hochheim, an eminence within cannon range of Mentz, which took place on the 9th Dec. and succeeded without difficulty, the enemy sustaining a loss of six cannon, some hundreds of killed and wounded, and as many prisoners. The head-quarters of the grand army remained at Francfort till the 9th December, when they were transferred to Friedberg, six leagues northward.

We have already stated, that Field-Marshal Blücher's route was directed to the lower Rhine. In spite of physical obstacles of every kind, this great man led his noble Silesian army, in an uninterrupted course, through a great part of Germany, and arrived on the Rhine at Mulheim (opposite Cologn) on the 13th Nov.; after which he assisted at the grand council of war at Francfort. On the lower Rhine, too, no active operations have as yet commenced: in the night of the 2d Dec. a body of troops crossed the river at Dusseldorff, surprised the French garrison at Neuss, whom they took prisoners, captured or destroyed the great French magazines, and returned to the right bank.

On the upper Rhine a numerous army of Austrians, Bavarians, and Suabians, is collecting in the vicinity of Kehl, in the neighbourhood of which fortress some skirmishes have taken place.

Higher up, an event has occurred which demands our special notice. Switzerland, after the overthrow of the French army at Leipzig, and the rapid advance of the allies upon the Rhine, has emerged from obscurity and French vassalage, to declare itself neutral. The act of neutrality was passed by the diet at Zurich on the 20th Nov.: two deputies were sent to Bonaparte, and as many to the allied sovereigns, to solicit consent; while the different cantons were arming to protect their frontier from insult. With Bonaparte

there was found no objection to a measure which would screen 150 miles of his frontier from invasion. The mediator of the Helvetic republic, in his present state of humiliation, accepted gladly Helvetic mediation for his frontier; but we doubt greatly the compliance of the allied powers, whose irresistible strength would force any barrier the Swiss could oppose. The end of the tale will probably be, that Switzerland will join the common cause; in which event, the army now raised by her under the pretext of neutrality, will prove a material accession of force on the left wing.

ITALY AND MEDITERRANEAN.

The operations of the different *corps d'armée*, under the command of General Hiller, continue to be attended with uninterrupted success. On the 30th Oct. the castle of Trent and the citadel of Trieste surrendered. The cannon found in the latter, added to what had previously been obtained by the conquest of the city, amounts to 182 pieces. In this operation, as well as in the taking of Fiume, the British squadron under Admiral Freemantle, and a detachment of British troops sent from the Ionian islands, under Colonel Robertson, rendered to the Austrian General Nugent the greatest service. On the 6th Nov. General Stahremberg entered Padua, and General Eckart, Vicenza. The latter's advanced guard was vigorously attacked, on the 15th Nov. at Caldiero, by twelve battalions of Beauharnois' army, but forced the enemy to retreat, after an obstinate and bloody contest. The French army, by the last advices, is in position behind the Adige, having its head-quarters at Verona. Venice, abandoned to its fate, is blockaded by land and sea. On the 11th Nov. General Nugent embarked a corps at Trieste, landed south of the Po, and took possession of Ferrara. The French papers state, that General Pino having assembled a force at Bologna, attacked Nugent at Malalbergo, on the 26th Nov. defeated him, reentered Ferrara the next day, and compelled the Austrian corps to re-embark. Another Austrian corps, under General Tomassich, acts in Dalmatia, and has occupied the greatest part of that province.

Thus the general result of the Italian campaign has been, the reconquest of Carniola, Carinthia, Friul, Istria, the greatest part of the ancient Venetian territory and of Dalmatia.

The plague at Malta and Gibraltar is rapidly declining, and has probably ceased ere this. The Queen of Sicily, whom we erroneously stated to have arrived in the Austrian dominions, it still at Constantinople.

NORTH OF GERMANY.

The Prince Royal of Sweden followed in pursuit of the remains of the French grand army no further than Cassel, where he arrived on the 1st Nov. and found the hereditary prince of the legitimate sovereign, the Elector of Hesse, already replaced in possession of his father's dominions, by the support of his advanced guard under Generals Winzingerode and Woronzow, or rather by the tried loyalty of the Hessian people.

In this stage of his progress, the Prince Royal paused, and, after mature reflection, abandoned the

design of proceeding to the Rhine, in order to leave no enemy in his rear. Davoust had unwisely been left by Bonaparte on the forlorn hope at Hamburg, with probably 18,000 French: as many Danes were under his controul, the Elbe was in his power, and Denmark, on the 22d Oct. (four days after the battle of Leipzig!) had felt courage enough to issue two declarations of war, one against Russia, the other against Prussia.

This change of plan being determined on, the Prince Royal's army moved in three diverging directions.

One division, chiefly Russians, under Winzingerode, proceeded in the line of the Weser, towards Bremen and Osnabruck.

Another division, chiefly Prussians, under Bülow, traversed Westphalia, towards Münster and Holland.

The remainder and largest portion, comprising the whole Swedish army, the Crown Prince led into Lower Saxony, to act upon the Elbe; in which design he would not only have the co-operation of Walmoden's corps, but also of that of Bennigsen, which with that view had been directed to move down that river from Saxony.

No sooner did the advanced guard of the Swedish army appear at Hanover (1st Nov.), than the loyal inhabitants of his Majesty's electoral dominions joyfully embraced the opportunity of throwing off the yoke of the usurper, Jerome, and proclaiming their legitimate sovereign. Under the auspices of H. R. H. the Duke of Cumberland, who was seasonably at hand, a provisional government was forthwith established, which, on the arrival of Count Munster from England, will receive its former regular and final organization. The emancipation of Hanover was immediately followed by a considerable accession of territory to the Anglo-German dominions, in the annexation of the bishopric of Hildesheim, ceded to his Majesty by Prussia, through special convention.

The Prince Royal of Sweden, after staying some time at Hanover, Bremen, and Celle (during which interval the navigation of the Weser was restored by the reduction of Carlsfort, and of the fort of Blexen, 23d and 24th Nov.) crossed the Elbe in the latter days of November, with the Swedish army and Lutzow's corps, and established his head-quarters at Boitzenburg, 30th Nov. Stade had been attacked a few days previously by Count Strogonoff, but the assault failed: the French garrison, however, fearing a repetition, evacuated the town in the night, and crossed the Elbe to Hamburg. The French fort Napoleon, at Cuxhaven, attacked by a Russian detachment and a British marine force under Captain Farquhar, surrendered on the 2d Dec. Thus the left bank of the Elbe is cleared as far up as Harburg, which town is kept blockaded by the corps of Woronzow, whose head-quarters were at Winsen. Of the further operations of the Swedish Crown Prince, we have no intelligence; but a government bulletin just published, states, that at his approach the Danes had left Davoust, and that the latter had shut himself up at Hamburg. His fate is not doubtful. The patriotic Ham-

burgers, whose misery he has wantonly increased to the highest degree, and whose bank he seized on the 4th Nov. will soon be restored to their independence; and the capture of Davoust and his whole corps form an additional proof of the folly of Bonaparte in leaving behind him such considerable bodies of troops to garrison fortresses which cannot be defended for any length of time.

The fate of Dresden is a case in point. When Bonaparte assembled his forces at Leipzig, he left Marshal St. Cyr with his corps and the remains of that of Vandamme (who, by the way, has safely reached Moscow, where the energetic Rostopchin exhibited him like a wild beast to the inhabitants), to defend Dresden and cover his flank. On the 17th Oct. the Russian corps, which, under Count Tolstoy, was appointed to mask that city, was vigorously attacked and pushed away, with loss. The corps of observation was in consequence ordered to be strengthened, after the battle of Leipzig; and General Klenau charged with its command on the left bank, while the Prince of Wied-Runckel hemmed in the garrison on the right. When Klenau arrived, St. Cyr had just quitted Dresden to make his escape by the left bank, but he drove him back into the city. St. Cyr next (6th Nov.) made an attempt to abandon the city by the right bank of the Elbe; but here, too, the valour of the troops under Wied-Runckel forced him to retrace his steps. Thus baffled on all sides, the French marshal proposed a capitulation, which Klenau, moved probably by the misery of the inhabitants, granted on the 11th Nov.; and by which the French troops were to lay down their arms, but be conducted to France, to be exchanged against an equal number of allied prisoners. The French troops accordingly set out on their march to France, and had proceeded some way, when a courier from Prince Schwarzenberg brought the generalissimo's refusal to ratify the capitulation, accompanied by orders, that St. Cyr and his corps should be reconducted back to Dresden, and replaced in their former situation previously to the surrender. The French marshal is stated to have refused to accept of this alternative, and to have submitted himself and his corps to captivity.

Stettin has capitulated, the garrison to surrender prisoners, if not relieved by the 5th Dec.

Erfurt has submitted to similar terms.

Dantzig capitulated upon terms similar to Dresden, which consequently Prince Schwarzenberg refused to ratify.

Torgau is visited by an infectious fever, to which Count Narbonne, its governor, has fallen a sacrifice: the German troops in it, as well as those in Magdeburg, had been sent out on terms not to serve against France for one year.

After this brief digression, we return to the operations of the remainder of the forces acting under the Prince Royal's orders.

Gen. Winzingerode established his head-quarters at Bremen, from whence he detached westward upon Oldenburg and East-Friesland, which provinces, including the

town of Embden, were restored to their lawful sovereigns. Thence his troops crossed the Ems, entered Holland, and took Groningen, making its garrison of 800 men prisoners. Zwoll, Kampen, Zutphen, Deventer, and other Dutch towns and their garrisons, shared the same fate.

The corps of General von Bulow almost simultaneously entered Holland from the side of Munster, sweeping every thing before it. Among other spirited achievements of this corps, is the capture of Doesburg by storm, 23d Nov. putting a great part of the garrison to the sword. A similar scene of slaughter occurred a few days after (30th), when Arnheim was taken by assault. Thus

HOLLAND!

which Bonaparte's lust of universal dominion had blotted out from the list of nations, has, as if by magic, recovered its independence and its sovereign. The news of the approach of the allied forces was still vague and doubtful, when the brave Dutch determined to be beforehand with their deliverers. On or about the 15th of Nov. the Hague, the cities of Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Haarlem, Leyden, and some other principal towns, rose in open resistance against the French military and the civil authorities: less bloodshed occurred on this first ebullition of patriotism, than might have been expected; since, where the French commanders had the prudence to submit to circumstances, they were suffered peaceably to withdraw with their troops. In one instance, at Woerden, the invaders, after being expelled, returned with increased numbers, and committed barbarities of rapine, murder, and conflagration too horrid to detail. A provisional government being established at the Hague, two deputies were instantly dispatched to England, to invite the Prince of Orange to assume the government, and above all to solicit instant aid, in troops, in arms, in ammunition, and in clothing, from this country. Great Britain, the foster-mother of the orphan freedom of the world, was not deaf to the appeal. Her aid was granted with a promptitude and liberality becoming the nation that had already rescued Portugal and Spain. The guards and some other troops in immediate readiness, were sent off instantly; while a regular armament, under General Sir Thomas Graham, was ordered to be assembled in the Downs. The Prince of Orange, likewise, forthwith set out for his native land, and arrived at Scheveling on the 30th Nov. The Dutch nation hailed him as their saviour. On the 2d Dec. he repaired to Amsterdam, where he was not only received with enthusiastic joy, but saluted by the inhabitants by the title of *William the First, Sovereign Prince of the Netherlands*, which change of dignity he accepted by proclamation on the same day; the other towns following the example of Amsterdam in thus abolishing the former title of Stadtholder. The prince's son, that gallant youth who has so long and so nobly fought by the side of the great Wellington, was likewise instantly recalled from the Marquis's army in France, and he has just left the British shore, to fight the cause of his father and of his own country on Dutch soil.

Our room forbids the detail of the successive, yet rapid expulsion of the French from the territory of Holland. Besides the towns already mentioned, the Brille, Helvoetsluys, and the strong fortresses of Williamstadt and Breda, were soon cleared of the usurper's troops. The greatest part of Zeeland is free; so that, with the exception of a few insulated garrisons, all Holland north of the Waal and Maese, is emancipated at this moment. Among these exceptions is as yet the point of the Helder. Admiral Verheuil, the commander of the Texel fleet, has not only hitherto refused to surrender the Dutch ships of war, but, with traitorous contumaciousness, landed a body of such men as he thought worthy of the base trust, and occupied the strong fort of La Salle, in order to defend himself to the last. As Dutch and British troops have already been marched against him, we may soon expect his reduction, and we hope his trial. Flushing is likewise still in the possession of the French, but the rest of the island of Walcheren has declared for the prince. The allied troops are arriving in great numbers from Germany, ready to pass into Dutch Brabant; and the last advices from the Dutch coast reported the British expedition under Sir Thomas Graham off the mouth of the Scheldt; so that further and great successes may reasonably be looked for: Antwerp, and the French fleet under its protection, are in imminent danger.

FRANCE.

The intelligence from that devoted country is only now important from the picture it exhibits of the furious efforts of a grating despotism in its last agonies of despair. Exhausted in his plundered treasure, one of the tyrant's first financial measures since his return has been, a decree (11th Nov.) augmenting the assessed taxes and the duties on articles of consumption. But as this new revenue might be too precarious and slow for urgent necessities, it was subsequently found nessary to create a temporary paper currency of mandats, or assignations upon the produce of these new taxes, with which the requisitions and supplies for the armies are to be paid (decr. 27th Nov.) In the midst of these comforting arrangements, his mock senate addressed him in an unusually cool harangue, and urged the necessity of peace. His memorable reply was, "I accept the sentiments which you express towards me. All Europe was with us a year ago; all Europe is now against us: it is because the opinion of the world is regulated by France or by England. We should therefore have every thing to dread but for the energy and the power of the nation. Posterity will say, that if great and critical circumstances presented themselves, they were not superior to France and me." And lest the French nation might vainly hope for that peace which they represented as necessary to their salvation, on the next day (15th Nov.) a decree is issued for a new conscription of 300,000 more victims to be sacrificed for the maintenance of this miscreant upon the usurped throne of France.

On the occasion of this levy, the allied sovereigns have (1st Dec.) issued at Francfort a manifesto,

which, however dignified in sentiment and noble in moderation, is likely to disappoint the hopes of the world, including even France, as much as their recent valorous deeds have outstripped expectation. By saying that this manifesto states, *Peace to have been offered to his majesty the Emperor of the French on conditions which would confirm to the French empire an extent of territory which France under her kings never knew*, and that these conditions are still ready to be granted, we have stated all that appears to us objectionable. Peace to France by all means, but no peace to the assassin usurper, except the peace of the tomb or that of voluntary abdication! Her frontiers to France by all means, but not the frontiers she owes to the devouring madness of that revolution which her neighbours and Europe have dearly enough paid for—even if she be made to regorge what is not her own! When we have the highwayman under our foot, instead of seizing all he robbed us of, and bringing him to justice, are we to be contented with the restoration of only part of our property, and let him loose again once more to infest the roads, and sooner or later to wreak his vengeance upon his liberator? Is Gemany bounded by the Rhine? Are not the richest provinces of the holy Roman empire on and beyond its left banks? Are millions of loyal Germans to remain consigned by treaty to this tyrant's claws? Ye noble and virtuous arbitrators of the destinies of the world, will you sheathe your avenging sword, and only half finish your glorious task of emancipation? If so, you will, ere long, but too late, discover that you have done little. Too late, because never will Europe again behold so virtuous, so noble a compact of princes; never will the princes be seconded, or rather impelled, by so glorious an enthusiasm, so heroic a valour on the part of their subjects. Your magnanimous end is the freedom of Europe; but Europe is not free if France remains under the destructive yoke of her tyrant. Bourbons or no Bourbons, just as France pleases, but no Napoleons!

SPANISH WAR.

Want of room compels us to observe modest brevity in the recital of the exploits of our own arms. The British hero, Lord Wellington, has added another victory to the catalogue of his great exploits. On the 10th Nov. our army in France broke up to attack the strongly entrenched lines of Marshal Soult along the river Nivelle, in the department of the Lower Pyrennees. The enemy defended himself with great obstinacy, but, after a severe contest, his left was turned, and our troops established in the rear of his right by nightfall. Darkness enabled Soult to withdraw his right, with the exception of 1900 prisoners, which, together with 51 pieces of cannon, formed the trophies of this victory. Our total loss was as follows:—*British and Portuguese killed and wounded*—2 general staff, 6 lieutenant-colonels, 4 majors, 44 captains, 80 lieutenants, 42 ensigns, 6 staff, 161 serjeants, 29 drummers, 2320 rank and file. After this battle, the French army retired into another entrenched camp under the protection of Bayonne; and our

army took a position extending from St. Pé to St. Jean de Luz, at which latter town head-quarters remained by the last advices; heavy rains, and consequent inundations and impassable roads, having rendered any forward movement impracticable.

DEATH AND BONAPARTE—A Parley.

Written on occasion of the Transparency (of which the annexed Engraving is a copy) exhibited at Ackermann's Repository of Arts during the Illuminations of the 5th and 6th of November, 1813, in honour of the splendid Victories obtained by the Allies over the Armies of France, at Leipsic and its environs.

DEATH.

Good Mr. Emp'ror, I am come,
While you are sitting on your drum,
Not over pleas'd with what is past,
To say this hour may be your last:
Nor should such words your spirits grieve,
For sure you cannot wish to live.
Stript of your laurels and your pride,
Your friends all hurrying from your side,
Where, let me ask you, can you go,
Without the fear to meet a foe?
Your armies beat, your troops all flying,
What refuge have you but in dying?
Beat, circumvented, overthrown,
The soldier's fame no more your own,
Life must a very burden prove,
So I'll e'en take it out of love.
What's good for goose is good for gander;
Cæsar the brave and Alexander
Have long since in the tomb been laid,
With other fellows of the trade,
Who followed war, and thought it fun
To deal in blood, as you have done;
Who found it music to their ear,
The groans of dying men to hear;
And, by Ambition's fever curst,
With orphan's tears assuag'd their thirst.
Look on the thing which forms my seat,
And view your eagles at my feet.
The cannon that you made to roar,
From Moscow to th' Iberian shore,
Tickle your greedy ears no more:
They glut the ars'nals of your foes,
And there your eagles now repose.
Think you, exhausted France will give
The means by which you hope to live?
Think you, new legions will proclaim
Their zeal to renovate your name?
Or fear you not the conscript cry
May soon forestal your elegy?
Say, proud usurper, don't you dread
The power of justice on your head?
Say, bloody tyrant, don't you feel
Some terror of th' assassin's steel?
And do you look again to own
The splendour of the Gallic throne?
I cannot see what hope can give,
That you should have a wish to live.
Think you, when all your pastime's over,
That you'll be left to live in clover?
No, when you cease to cut and carve,
'Tis well if you are left to starve.
Or do you humbly mean to crawl
Beneath some cloister's ivied wall?
There seek Contrition's gloomy cell,
Obey Religion's holy bell,
That calls to prayer in hourly toll,
And count your beads to save your soul?
'Twere well, I think, to save your grinning,
I, at one stroke, can end your sinning.
You should with smiles my offer greet;
I'm the best friend that you could meet,
Who feign would save you from the pow'r
Of Fortune's more malignant hour.
The foes press on, your armies fly,
If you are wise, you'll wish to die.

BONAPARTE.

If I turn monk, perdition take me!
Good, Master Death, you do mistake me,
If you suppose that I am made
To enter into such a trade.
I'll be no hypocritic owl,
And wrap me up in hood and cowl:
'Tis not for that I wish to stay
In this same world another day;

I have far brighter hopes in view,
Listen, and you'll applaud them too:
But though you seem, I think, to sneer me,
I beg you'll stay your hand, and hear me.
Pray, potent sir, pray keep your seat;
Let us as politicians treat,
And calmly, candidly debate
On the fell stroke you meditate.
I tell you, then, good Master Death,
I want not yet to yield my breath;
I have yet many things to do,
That ought to be approv'd by you;
And many a reason I can give,
Why 'tis your interest I should live.
What, kill me! sure you're not so mad!
I'm the best friend you ever had;
And still I may increase the claim
To that stupendous, awful name.
There's not one conqu'ror of the world,
By whom destruction has been hurl'd
O'er conquer'd realms, and has pursued
His slaught'ring way knee-deep in blood;
Not a score of them who're enroll'd,
By hist'ry, 'mong the brave and bold,
In former times or latter days,
Who have so well deserv'd thy praise;
By whom thy greedy maw was fed
With such accumulated dead,
As, Mars-like, in my blood-stain'd car,
I've furnish'd in the fields of war.
Behold, on Syria's distant sands,
The standards planted by my hands!
Where the sun whitens the remains
Of thousands on the scorching plains;
And when the vengeful weapons fail'd,
Poison's murderous cup prevail'd.
Old Nilus, leaning on his urn,
Will make surviving warriors mourn,
As he describes his slimy shore,
With human blood encrimson'd o'er,
While my fierce bands were seen to rove
Vindictive through each palmy grove.
I bade Destruction, War, and Spoil
Invade Italia's sacred soil:
And while my conquering Eagles stood
On Danube's banks, it ran with blood.
Did I not your fell sceptre wield
In Jena's desolated field?
Did not fire and welt'ring sword
Obey my proud, imperious word,
Where Tyrolean mountains rise
In lofty range, and brave the skies?
Think, mighty sir, what pretty play
I've made in the Peninsula;
What countless numbers there have bled,
What fest'ring mountains of the dead,
Have through Iberia's realms appear'd,
Since I my hostile standard rear'd:—
And, Master Death, 'tis you can tell
How many thousand victims fell,
By gun, and sword, and piercing frost,
Or in the snowy storms were lost,
When my armies sallied forth,
To deal destruction in the North:—
And here, if you but look around you,
The scene with pleasure must confound you:
For whether armies stand or fly,
You care not, so they do but die;
You always claim the victory:
And whether towns are kept or taken,
You're ever sure to save your bacon.
If I continue but to fight,
You, sir, must think me in the right:
Of battling foes the horrid din
Will always make your worship grin.
Then close not yet my bloody day,
I have a million more to slay.
I mention not the fools I've strangled,
What numbers on the tree I've dangled;
Nor those who felt the tort'ring wheel,
Or sunk beneath the secret steel;
Or trouble, time, and drugs to save,
Have found, ere dead, a common grave.
Mere church-yard work, not worth the tale,
A make-weight in destruction's scale.
Then, sure, it cannot be your plan,
To kill so rare a journeyman.
O spare me till the King of Rome
Is ripe for mischief yet to come;
That scion of the fatal tree,
Whose odour is mortality.
I think you've had a pretty dance,
Since revolution beam'd on France;
And if you'll let me but remain,
There you shall dance, and dance again.
I have no fears if you are kind;
So, Master Death, unfold your mind.
I think a ghastly smile portends,
That you and I shall still be friends.

DEATH.

Well, Emp'ror, I submit to reason—
Egad! you've spoke a word in season:
And, though I meant to pierce your liver,
I'll put my dart up in my quiver.
I will withdraw my stern decree,
And check the web of destiny.
I'll let you have another chance,
To hurry off with speed to France.
And, as this favour I've conferr'd,
Remember now, and keep your word.
Farewell! and may you not repent,
That thus I stopp'd my firm intent.
A still worse fate may yet impend
O'er your frail life, and cause its end.
From this strong arm one certain blow
Would, without suffering, lay you low;
While some disgraceful, tort'ring fate
May on your future days await.
You may, in ling'ring pangs, resign your breath;
Or, like the scorpion, sting yourself to death.

PLATE 6.—FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

THE chaste and elegant library table represented in the annexed engraving, is of a convenient form and moderate size, and is suited to an apartment of small dimensions: at the same time it exhibits that breadth of parts and greatness of design, which characterize most articles of modern furniture, and give a dignity heretofore unknown. The recess beneath renders it also extremely commodious for a writing-table, which was not the case with the library tables formerly constructed. The chair is designed with equal attention to elegance and convenience, and made to correspond. They may both be formed of mahogany, with rings and ornaments of bronze; the shelves of the table will divide, so as to admit either a row of folios and octavos, or two rows of quartos.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE weather of the last month has been highly favourable for the young wheats: the early sown have put forth a strong plant, forming a verdant mat to protect the tender fibres from the winter's frost. The latter-sown breadths have scarcely made their appearance above the surface of the soil; and from the dirty way in which the seed was put into the earth, in consequence of the extreme wet weather, but little can be said of that crop which does not appear. The wheat of last harvest yields most abundantly to the acre, and the quality is fine.

Barleys have come freely to market since the cattle have returned to the straw-yard. Threshing-machines, in some districts, are getting into disrepute, on account of their not threshing barley with the same facility they do sheaf corn, and from the large quantity of corn they throw out with the straw.

Oats and peas are very productive, and of fine quality.

All the soiling crops look well; and the whole of the brassica tribe, from the late growing weather, are of large size and fine quality.

Ditching and draining have been the principal out-door work of the last month, in consequence of the short duration of the frost. The fall in the price of corn has not

much impeded the efforts of the farmer in this important branch of agriculture, in those counties where it is properly appreciated. There has been a greater number of draining-tiles sold this winter than in any preceding year: this is a most valuable acquisition in those tenacious districts where stone cannot be procured.

FASHIONS FOR LADIES.

PLATE 4.—PROMENADE COSTUME.

A PLAIN cambric robe, with long gathered sleeve and high arched collar, trimmed with net lace or muslin. A Spanish lappelled coat of fine orange Merino cloth; full epaulette ornaments on the shoulders: the whole lined throughout with white sarsnet, and trimmed with a raised border of white velvet or swansdown. A small, provincial bonnet of the same material as the coat, ornamented with a full curled ostrich feather. White spotted ermine or Chinchilli muff. Gloves grey or light blue kid. Half-boots of orange-coloured jean, or velvet.

PLATE 5.—MORNING DRESS.

A round robe of plain jaconot muslin, with spencer bodice, and rounded falling collar, edged with lace or needle-work; the same ornamenting the bottom of the dress. A loose robe pelisse of Indian muslin, thrown quite open in front, trimmed entirely round with a full gathered border of muslin or lace; the back confined at the bottom with a lemon-coloured ribband, brought round the waist, and tied in bows and ends in front. The Flushing mob cap, composed entirely of lace, ornamented with lemon-coloured ribband, which also confines it under the chin. A small rosary and cross of amber, twisted round the wrist, and a broach of the same confining the dress at the throat. Slippers and gloves of lemon-coloured kid.

Poetry.

SONG,

FOR ST. ANDREW'S DAY,

Most respectfully inscribed to his Royal Highness the DUKE OF KENT, Chairman to the Scottish Corporation in London.

TUNE—*Roy's Wife.*

CHORUS.

HONEST men and lasses bonny,
Bonnets blue and cockernonnie,
Here's a health to ane and a',
Honest men and lasses bonny.

Your farmer's sense, your gard'ner's skill,
Your weaver's loom, your grazier's money,
Your scholar's lear, your doctor's pill,
Your honest men and lasses bonny.
Honest men, &c.

Your artless garb, your simple food,
Your poorest sharing with a brother,
Your Sabbath grave, your parsons good,
And nane to lord it o'er another.

Donald keen and Sandy canny,
Wivies true and baignies many,
Here's to a' the clans and you,
Daddie Billy, mam, and grannie.

Here's the land that fed wi' cakes
A Duncan, Graham, Abercrombie,

MORNING DRESS.

HALF A COLLAR.

N.° 61. of R. Ackermann's Repository

Where Ossian's spirit yet awakes
A Scot, a Burns, or hopeful Tommie.
Honest men, &c.

Neddy Langshanks' gripe and guile
To warr us a' was ripe and ready;
But this our Edward's princely smile
Speaks a friend to Sandy steady.

Lang may every grace endear him!
Down with all that malice bear him!
May a' 'twixt him and John-a-Groats,
Hail him, thank him, bless and cheer him.

And may we ever thus combine,
Within all down, without all bristle;
The Shamrock, Leek, and Rose entwine
Among the folds of friendly Thistle!

Donald, Paddy, Taff, and Johnnie,
Beef, potatoe, cake, and honey,
Wha could ever cope wi you?
Wha without ye cope wi Boney?

He raged, he vow'd he ne'er would stop,
While he'd a dart or we a drappie;
But here's the firm, the good old shop,
That dealt destruction out to Nappie,

Donald, Paddy, Taff, and Johnnie,
Taff and Sandy, Patt and Johnnie,
Wha could ever cope wi you?
Wha without ye cope wi Boney?

J. R.

SONETTO

IN LODE DEL

MARCHESE WELLINGTON,

Scritto da Giacomo Minasi.

Gloria del Secolo! Splendor del Mondo!
Altissimo Eroe! Alla Patria diletto!
Wellington immortale! Dal Ciel protetto!
Non mai vinto dal fier nemico immondo!

Chi v'è ch'al coraggio e saper profondo
Tuo, o pur de' tuoi guerrieri all'aspetto
Non tremi o paventi! E a ceder costretto,
Ruina Buonaparte furibondo!

L'Ebro e'l Tago, accesi d'un patrio amore,
Accogliesti alle tue bandiere intorno,
E liberasti dall' Usurpatore.
Per te Brittannia (ansando il tuo ritorno)
Intatti lauri serba al tuo valore,
E alla virtù, di cui ne sei adorno!

TRANSLATION OF THE PRECEDING.

Boast of thy country, pride of human kind,
Immortal Wellington, by Heav'n design'd
To curb the Gallic foe's infuriate rage,
And shine the glory of this latter age:

Matchless alike in council and the field,
Napoleon's fortunes to thy genius yield;
Terrors unknown his baffled hosts assail,
The Tyrant trembles, and his Star turns pale.

From Ebro's plains and Tajo's golden strands,
Thy bright example rous'd the patriot bands,
Around thy banners ranged, and to be free,
Taught them to dare—to conquer liberty.

Britain, exulting in her darling son,
His splendid virtues and his trophies won,
Shall anxious wait the day that wafts thee o'er,
To reap fresh laurels on thy native shore.

Translation of "Dulce Domum."

SWEET HOME.

Let us sing a joyous measure,
Waft enchanting lays around;
Home! a theme replete with pleasure,
Home! a grateful theme resound.

CHORUS.

Home, sweet home, an ample treasure,
Home, with every blessing crown'd;
Home, perpetual source of pleasure,
Home, a noble strain resound.

Lo! the joyful hour advances,
Happy season of delight;
Festal songs and festal dances,
All our tedious toils requite.
Home, &c.

Leave, my wearied Muse, thy learning,
Leave thy task so hard to bear;
Leave thy labour, ease returning,
Leave this bosom, every care.
Home, &c.

Smiles the year, the meadows smiling,
Let us then a smile display;
Rural sports our pain beguiling,
Rural pastimes call away.
Home, &c.

Now the swallow seeks her dwelling,
And no longer loves to roam;
Her example thus impelling,
Let us seek our native home.
Home, &c.

Let our men and steeds assemble,
Panting for the wide champaign;
Let the ground beneath us tremble,
While we scour along the plain.
Home, &c.

O what rapture! O what blisses!
When we gain'd the look'd for gate:
Father's welcome, mother's kisses,
There our blest arrival wait.
Home, &c.

Greet our household gods with singing,
Lend, O Phosphor, lend thy ray!
Why should light, so slowly springing,
All our promised joys delay?
Home, &c.

LONDON MARKETS.

Return of Wheat from Nov. 29 to Dec. 4.

TOTAL, 7,560 quarters.—Average, 70s. 4½d. per quarter, or 6s. 11¾d. per quarter lower than last return.

Return of Flour from Dec. 4 to 14.

TOTAL, 37,131 sacks.—Average, 59s. 5d. per sack, or 0s. 3d. per sack higher than last return.

Average of England and Wales, Dec. 14.

	s	d		s	d		s	d
Wheat	72	7	Barley	44	9	Beans	55	5
Rye -	47	0	Oats -	28	3	Pease	59	0

CORN, SEEDS, &c.

Wheat white,	s.	s.	s.	Tares, per	s.	s.	s.
per quarter	48	78	—	bushel -	11	12	—
——red - -	44	74	—	Turnip - -	15	18	—
——foreign	40	70	—	Mustard,			
Rye - - -	36	40	—	brown -	19	25	—
Barley, English	30	42	—	——white	16	19	—
Malt - - -	50	75	—	Canary, per qr.	100	115	—
Oats Feed -	14	24	—	Hempseed -	68	74	—
——Friezland	—	—	—	Linseed - -	90	112	—
——Poland	16	32	—	Clover, red,			
——Potatoe	25	34	—	per cwt	70	95	—
Beans, Pigeon	44	50	—	——white	84	112	—
——Horse -	—	—	—	——foreign,			
Pease, Boiling	50	75	—	red	72	100	—
——Grey -	46	52	—	——white	88	115	—
Flour per sack	60	—	—	Trefoil - -	4	36	—
——Seconds	45	55	—	Carraway -	78	80	—
——Scotch	40	50	—	Coriander -	23	34	—

American Flour — s a — s per barrel of 196lbs.
Rapeseed, per last - - - £40 a £44 a £48.
Oil Cakes, per thousand, £18. 0s. to £0 0s.

SUGAR, &c. per Cwt.

	s		s
Muscovade, fine	112	a	116
—— good	108	a	111
—— ordinary	102	a	107
East India, white	123	a	132
—— yellow	113	a	122
—— brown	103	a	112

MOLASSES 53s. 6d. a 54s. 0d.

REFINED SUGAR.

Double Loaves	190	a	215
Hambro' ditto	170	a	180
Powder ditto	166	a	170
Single ditto	165	a	170
Canary Lumps	163	a	168
Large ditto	160	a	162
Bastards, whole	103	a	106
—— faces	108	a	112
—— middles	105	a	107
—— tips -	100	a	104

GINGER.

Jamaica, white	82	a	200
Barbadoes, ditto	75	a	80
—— black	70	a	75

RICE, *Bonded.*

Carolina -	24	a	26
Brazil - -	26	a	28

COFFEE, *Bonded.*

	s	d		s	d
Dominica, Surinam, &c.					
Fine -	75	0	a	85	0
Good	70	0	a	74	0
Ordinary	67	0	a	69	0
Triage	30	0	a	50	0
Jamaica.					
Fine -	75	0	a	85	0
Good	60	0	a	74	0
Ordinary	40	0	a	59	0
Triage	20	0	a	39	0
Mocha	300	0	a	600	0
Bourbon	90	0	a	120	0
St. Domingo	60	0	a	70	0
Java -	90	0	a	100	0
COCOA, *Bonded.*					
Trinidad and					
Carraccas	90	0	a	100	0
Plantation	65	0	a	80	0
SPICES and PEPPER, per lb.					
Nutmegs	18	0	a	24	0
Cloves	10	0	a	10	0
Cinnamon	10	6	a	11	6
Mace	36	0	a	42	0
Pepp. white	5	3	a	—	6
—— black	2	5	a	2	0
Pimento	2	0	a	—	6

Average price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of duty, 75s. 4½d.

There has been less doing in raw sugars than last month, but the prices are fully supported. Refined goods of low quality sell freely at high prices, the better sorts are not so much wanted.

HOPS in the Borough.

BAGS	£	s		£	s	POCKETS	£	s		£	s
Kent - -	5	0	a	9	0	Kent - -	6	6	a	11	0
Sussex - -	4	10	a	8	0	Sussex - -	6	0	a	9	9
Essex - -	0	0	a	0	0	Farnham -	11	0	a	16	0

CORN, &c. per Quarter.

	Dec.	Wheat. s		s	Barley. s		s	Oats. s		s	Beans. s		s	Peas s	
Newcastle	11	50	a	76	36	a	42	24	a	32	—	a	—	66	a [illegible]
Northampton	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a
Canterbury	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a
Lewes	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a
Chesterfield	11	68	a	85	40	a	50	25	a	32	64	a	72	48	a [illegible]
Ashborne	11	68	a	78	45	a	50	28	a	34	66	a	76	—	a
Guildford	18	—	a	—	34	a	40	25	a	32	40	a	46	52	a [illegible]
Gainsboro'	14	72	a	80	35	a	40	19	a	24	76	a	—	—	a
Louth	15	70	a	75	30	a	35	20	a	25	—	a	—	—	a
Huntingdon	11	60	a	68	34	a	39	20	a	24	56	a	66	—	a
Newark	15	75	a	80	38	a	42	24	a	28	50	a	60	—	a
Spilsby	13	56	a	63	38	a	42	17	a	22	70	a	80	80	a [illegible]
Ryegate	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a
Devizes	16	70	a	84	35	a	47	27	a	34	50	a	68	—	a
Reading	18	60	a	83	27	a	39	24	a	30	39	a	45	50	a [illegible]
Swansea	15	76	a	—	42	a	—	24	a	—	—	a	—	—	a
Henley	16	50	a	80	28	a	36	20	a	34	36	a	60	46	a [illegible]
Maidenhead	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a
Salisbury	14	62	a	72	36	a	40	22	a	30	60	a	74	—	a
Penrith	14	79	a	—	34	a	—	27	a	—	—	a	—	—	a
Hull	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a
Basingstoke	15	56	a	80	30	a	36	24	a	29	46	a	64	—	a
Wakefield	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a
Andover	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a
Warminster	18	72	a	84	40	a	43	26	a	31	45	a	65	46	a [illegible]

SPIRITS, per Gallon (exclusive of duty).

	s	d		s	d		s	d		s
Brandy, Cog.	8	9	a	9	6	Mol. Spirits,				
—— Spanish	5	0	a	5	2	British	13	10	a	14
Hollands Gin	8	0	a	8	6	—— Irish -	0	0	a	0
Rum, Jamaica	4	6	a	6	9	—— Scotch	0	0	a	0
—— Lew. Isl.	3	8	a	4	6	Spirits of Wine	24	0	a	0

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR NOVEMBER, 1813.

Conducted, at Manchester, by THOMAS HANSON, *Esq.*

1813. NOV.	Wind.		Pressure. Max.	Min.	Mean.	Temperature. Max.	Min.	Mean.	Weather.	Evap	Rain.
☾ 1	S W	3	29,50	28,83	29,165	48,0°	34,0°	41,00°	rainy	.040	—
2	S W	2	29,53	29,50	29,515	47,0	37,0	42,00	rainy	—	—
3	S W	2	30,50	29,51	30,005	45,0	33,0	39,00	cloudy	—	
4	N E	1	30,54	30,50	30,520	46,0	30,0	38,00	cloudy	.180	
5	S E	1	30,50	30,32	30,410	44,0	32,0	38,00	cloudy	—	
6	S E	2	30,30	29,75	30,025	47,0	41,0	44,00	cloudy	.120	—
7	S W	1	29,75	29,20	29,475	46,0	40,0	43,00	cloudy	—	
○ 8	S	1	29,20	29,10	29,150	50,0	42,0	46,00	cloudy	—	--
9	S W	2	30,30	29,10	29,700	50,0	42,0	46,00	cloudy	—	.910
10	S W	2	30,30	30,30	30,300	50,0	42,0	46,00	cloudy	—	—
11	S W	3	30,30	29,24	29,770	51,0	42,0	46,50	cloudy	—	.080
12	W	3	29,30	29,24	29,270	52,0	40,0	46,00	cloudy	—	.615
13	W	2	30,45	29,30	29,875	52,0	43,0	47,50	cloudy	—	
14	W	3	30,45	28,90	29,675	45,0	33,0	39,00	rainy	.380	—
☽ 15	W	2	29,00	28,90	28,950	44,0	34,0	39,00	rainy	—	.885
16	W	2	29,00	28,85	28,825	41,0	30,0	35,50	rainy	—	—
17	W	3	29,11	28,86	28,985	41,0	30,0	35,50	snowy	—	—
18	W	2	29,50	29,11	29,305	44,0	34,0	39,00	fine	—	1.750
19	W	1	29,50	29,50	29,500	49,0	34,0	41,50	rainy	—	—
20	W	1	29,75	29,50	29,625	50,0	47,0	48,50	gloomy	—	.140
21	S	1	29,85	29,75	29,800	49,0	47,0	48,00	gloomy	—	
● 22	S W	1	30,15	29,86	30,005	53,0	45,0	49,00	gloomy	—	
23	Var.	1	30,20	30,15	30,175	48,0	39,0	43,00	gloomy	.200	—
24	N E	1	30,35	30,20	30,275	42,0	30,0	36,00	gloomy	—	
25	N E	1	30,39	30,36	30,375	42,0	28,0	35,00	gloomy	—	
26	S E	1	30,39	30,35	30,370	42,0	30,0	36,00	gloomy	—	
27	S E	1	30,39	30,15	30,270	40,0	30,0	35,00	gloomy	—	
28	S E	2	30,15	30,15	30,150	40,0	28,0	34,00	gloomy	—	
29	S E	1	30,15	30,15	30,150	40,0	30,0	35,00	gloomy	—	
30	S E	3	30,15	29,62	29,885	34,0	29,0	31,50	gloomy	240	.145
				Mean	29,783		Mean	40,30		1,160	4,525

RESULTS.

Mean barometrical pressure, 29.783—maximum, 30.54, wind N. E. 1.—Minimum, 28,83, wind S. W. 3.—Range, 1,71 inch.

The greatest variation of pressure in 24 hours, is 1.15 inch, which was on the 13th.

Mean temperature, 40°.80.--Maximum, 53°, wind S. W. 1.--Min. 28°, wind N. E. 1. Range 25.

The greatest variation of temperature in 24 hours is 14°, which was on the 25th.

Spaces described by the barometer, 10,06 inches.—Number of changes, 13.

Total quantity of water evaporated, 1,160 inch.

Rain, &c. this month, 4,525 inches.—Number of wet days, 15.—Total rain this year, 32,030 inches.

WIND.

N	NE	E	SE	S	SW	W	NW	Variable.	Calm.
0	3	0	7	2	8	9	0	1	0

Brisk winds 6—Boisterous ones 0.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR NOVEMBER, 1813.

Conducted by Mr. J. Gibson, Laboratory, Stratford, Essex.

1813	Wind.	*Pressure.*			*Temperature.*			Weather.	Evap.	Rain.
NOV.		*Max.*	*Min.*	*Mean.*	*Max.*	*Min.*	*Mean.*			
☾ 1	N W	29,77	29,37	29,570	48°	35°	41,5°	fine	—	
2	N W	29,87	29,37	29,620	46	40	43,0	cloudy	—	—
3	N W	30,30	29,87	30,085	48	32	40,0	cloudy	—	—
4	N W	30,30	30,30	30,300	46	25	35,5	foggy	—	
5	N	30,30	30,08	30,190	49	27	38,0	fine	—	
6	E	30,08	29,80	29,940	49	31	40,0	fair	—	—
7	N E	29,80	29,50	29,650	53	41	47,0	gloomy	—	.28
○ 8	S W	29,57	29,50	29,535	55	42	48,5	showers	.29	.20
9	W	29,63	29,57	29,600	51	42	46,5	cloudy	—	—
10	W	29,70	29,57	29,635	58	45	51,5	cloudy	—	—
11	W	29,76	29,66	29,710	55	47	51,0	fine	—	
12	S W	29,64	29,60	29,620	55	35	45,0	rainy	—	—
13	W	29,67	29,64	29,655	45	32	38,5	fine	—	
14	S W	29,64	29,34	29,490	44	33	38,5	gloomy	—	—
☽ 15	N W	29,50	29,34	29,420	46	34	40,0	cloudy	—	—
16	S W	29,34	29,18	29,260	45	35	40,0	cloudy	—	—
17	N W	29,57	29,28	29,425	43	32	37,5	snowy	—	—
18	W	29,70	29,57	29,635	42	34	38,0	cloudy	—	.54
19	S E	29,80	29,70	29,750	52	40	46,0	gloomy	—	—
20	S W	29,94	29,80	29,870	56	48	52,0	cloudy	.70	—
21	S W	29,97	29,94	29,955	55	46	50,5	cloudy	—	
● 22	S	29,98	29,97	29,975	54	35	44,5	gloomy	—	
23	W	30,04	29,98	30,010	45	39	42,0	cloudy	—	—
24	N E	30,10	30,04	30,070	45	32	38,5	cloudy	—	.01
25	N	30,10	30,09	30,095	44	35	39,5	cloudy	—	
26	N E	30,09	30,07	30,080	43	31	37,0	fine	—	
27	N E	30,07	29,95	30,010	42	25	33,5	cloudy	.14	
28	E	29,97	29,90	29,935	37	35	36,0	fine	—	
29	E	30,00	29,94	29,970	39	24	31,5	fine	—	
30	S E	29,94	29,58	29,760	34	27	30,5	bleak	.06	
			Mean	29,794		*Mean*	41,3	*Total*	1.19*in.*	1,03*in.*

RESULTS.—Prevailing winds, westerly.—Mean height of barometer, 29,794 inches; highest observation, 30,30 inches; lowest, 29,18 inches.—Mean height of thermometer, 41,3°.—highest observation, 58°—lowest, 24°.—Total of evaporation, 1.19 inch.—Rain, 1,03 in.; in another guage, 1,07 inch.

Notes.—1st and 2nd. White frost on the ground—not indicated by thermometer which is placed about five feet above the ground.—2nd. Night stormy.—3d. Lunar halo.—4th. Gloomy, foggy day.—5th. Hoar frost.—7th and 8th. Boisterous nights.—11th. Very stormy night—wind S. W.—14th. Hoar frost and foggy morning.—16th. Very stormy night—wind N. W—17th. Snowy afternoon.—18th. Ground covered with snow.—30th. Very cold wind from the eastward—boisterous night.

Prices of Fire-Office, Mine, Dock, Canal, Water-Works, Brewery, and Public Institution Shares, &c. &c. for December, 1813.

Albion Fire and Life Assurance	£42	per sh.
Globe Ditto . .	103	do.
Royal Exchange Ditto .	275	do.
London Dock Stock .	£97½	per ct.
West India Ditto . .	148½	do.
East India Ditto . . .	110	do.
Commercial Ditto .	137	do.
Grand Junction Waterworks	40	pr. sh.
East London Ditto .	60 10s	do.
Kent Ditto . .	56 10s	do.
West Middlesex Ditto .	28	do.
Birmingham Canal .	545	do.

Kennett and Avon Canal .	£20 10s	p. sh.
Grand Junction Ditto .	210	do.
Erewash Ditto . .	800	do.
Huddersfield Ditto . .	12 5s.	do.
Oxford Ditto .	645	do.
Wilts and Berks Ditto .	18	do.
London Institution .	43	do.
Surry Ditto . . .	13 10s	do.
Drury-Lane Theatre, Old	190	do.
Ditto Ditto, New	355	do.
Gas Light . .	5	do.

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PRICES OF STOCKS.

Date.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3 pr.ct. Red.	4 pr.ct. Cons.	Navy 5 pr.ct.	Long Ann.	Omnium	Impl.3 pr.ct.	Impl. Anns.	Irish 5 pr. ct	S. Sea Stock.	S. Sea Anns	India Stock	India Bonds.	Exchqr. Bills.3½d.	M. Lotty. Tickets	Cons. for ac. Nov.26
Nov. 22	—	59⅜ a 60	58⅝	73⅜	91¼	14 7/16	9⅜ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	175	2 Dis.	5 Pm.	£23. 3.	59⅜a60
23	224½	60 a ¾	59¼	74½	92½	14 9/16	10⅜ Pm.	—	5 5/16	—	—	—	—	3 Dis.	5 Pm.		60a¾
24	227½	60¼ a 1¾	60½	75¼	93	14⅞	11½ Pm.	—	—	—	64¾	—	180	2 Dis.	5 Pm.		60½a62
25	228	61⅞ a ½	60⅝	76	93⅛	15	12⅜ Pm.	—	—	89¾	—	—	182	2 Dis.	5 Pm.		61⅞a½
26	—	61⅛ a ⅞	60½	76¼	93½	14 15/16	12½ Pm	—	—	—	—	59¾	—	2 Dis.	5 Pm.		Jan. 20
27	—	61¾ a 62	60⅝	76¼	93¼	14 15/16	12½ Pm	—	3⅞	—	—	—	—	2 Dis	5 Pm.		62¼a¾
29	—	61½ a ¼	60¼	75⅞	92¾	14⅞	11⅞ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	—	2 Dis.	5 Pm		62⅜a1⅞
30	—	60⅞ a 1⅜	60⅛	75¾	92¼	—	11½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	5 Pm.		61¾a2¼
Dec. 1	—	60 a ¼	60	75⅝	92¼	14 13/16	11¼ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	Shut	3 Dis.	5 Pm.		61⅞a2⅛
2	231½	61⅛ a ½	60¼	76	92⅜	14⅞	12⅛ Pm.	59	—	—	65	—	—	3 Dis.	5 Pm.		62⅛a⅝
3	231	61⅝ a ¼	60⅜	76	—	14⅞	12¼ Pm.	—	—	—	65½	—	—	3 Dis.	5 Pm.		62½a¼
4	—	Shut.	60½	76	Shut	14⅞	12¼ Pm.	—	—	—	Shut	—	—	3 Dis.	5 Pm.		62⅜a⅝
6	231	—	60⅜	75⅞	93½	14 13/16	11¾ Pm.	—	—	—	—	59⅞	—	2 Dis.	5 Pm.		62a½
7	233	—	60¼	75⅞	93¾	14 13/16	12 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	—	2 Dis.	5 Pm.		62¼a½
8	—	—	60¼	76	93⅞	14 13/16	12⅛ Pm	59¼	—	—	—	—	—	2 Dis.	5 Pm.		62⅜a½
9	—	—	60¼	75⅞	94	14 13/16	12 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	—	2 Dis.	5 Pm.		62⅜a⅛
10	—	—	60⅜	76	Shut	14 13/16	12¼ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	—	2 Dis.	5 Pm.		62⅜a⅝
11	235	—	60½	76¼	—	14⅞	12⅜ Pm.	—	3⅞	—	—	—	—	Par.	5 Pm.		62⅝a⅜
13	—	—	60⅜	76⅛	94⅛	14 13/16	12¼ Pm.	59½	—	—	—	—	—	Par.	5 Pm.		62¼a⅜
14	235	—	60⅜	76¼	94⅛	14 13/16	12⅛ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	—	1 Dis.	5 Pm.		62⅜a¼
15	—	—	60¼	76⅛	94	14 13/16	12¼ Pm.	—	—	—	—	60⅛	—	2 Dis.	5 Pm.		62⅛a⅝
16	234½	—	60⅜	76⅛	94⅛	14 13/16	12⅜ Pm.	—	3 15/16	—	—	—	—	2 Dis.	5 Pm.		62¼a½
17	235½	—	60½	76⅛	Shut	14 13/16	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1 Dis	5 Pm.		62⅜a½
18	235¾	—	60⅝	76⅛	—	14⅞	12⅝ Pm.	—	3⅞	—	—	—	—	1 Dis.	6 Pm.		62½a⅝
20	—	—	61	76⅝	—	14 15/16	13⅛ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	—	1 Dis.	5 Pm.		62¾a⅞

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